

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 759

Week Ending
OCTOBER 7, 1933

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny.

Every Thursday 2d

100 YEARS OF A LITTLE-KNOWN MAN

A MAN THE WORLD SHOULD KNOW HIS HUNDRED YEARS

Ram Mohan and the Wonderful Thing He Did For India

SUPPRESSING A GREAT EVIL

September 27 was the centenary of the day on which died one of the greatest of the sons of India, a man almost unknown who should be known throughout the world.

Visitors to the Arno cemetery in Bristol will find him, the only Indian buried there. On his tombstone is an inscription saying that Raja Ram Mohan Roy was laid to rest on September 27, 1833.

Ram Mohan was the founder of modern India. He was the great champion of cooperation between England and his own country. He was the great advocate of English education, and gave every possible assistance to the early missionaries, helping to establish schools and colleges where English could be taught. He was a convinced believer in the teachings of Christianity.

He founded a new sect known as the Brahmo Samaj, or the Society of God. It recognised no caste and no priesthood. Among the famous men who have become members of this Indian sect is the poet Rabindranath Tagore.

A Barbaric Custom

The greatest thing for which this famous Indian Ram Mohan Roy is remembered, however, is the part he played in the suppression of the cruel practice known as Suttce.

It was in 1811 that young Ram Mohan first heard the cry of the Hindu widow. His younger brother died, and according to custom the body was taken to the bank of the River Hugli and cremated. The young widow set fire to the straw which lay under the faggot of wood, and was going to return to her brother-in-law, who was waiting for her, when she was suddenly faced with a dozen spiked sticks. The Kulian priests were there, and did not mean to cheat the gathered crowd of the sight of a burning widow. The girl had no wish to die, but the priests pushed her back to the flames. She called for help, and Ram Mohan rushed forward to assist her; but he found half a dozen spikes turned on him. While he was thus held at bay the other Brahmins pushed their victim back on the funeral pyre.

The Young Reformer's Vow

That terrible experience was burned into the soul of the young reformer, and he made a vow that he would set fire to the hearts of his people to put an end to this barbaric custom.

With this object Ram Mohan sought the help of the missionaries. He tried to rouse the Governor-General and the officials of the East India Company to make this a criminal offence. He proved that such an inhuman practice had no sanction in the Hindu religion. The

The Flowers of Autumn



Armfuls of blooms have been gathered by these two pickers at Sutton in Surrey, where chrysanthemums are grown for the London market.

Brahmins had tried to impress their people that it was a sign of virtue and faithfulness and love for a widow to die with her husband; and in order to encourage this kind of suicide hard laws had been made for the Hindu widow. She could not wear jewels. The use of any other material except the roughest plain white cloth was denied to her. She had to sleep on the hard floor at night. She was entitled to only one meal a day. Once a week she was to go without food altogether. She was forbidden to talk to anyone in the house.

No wonder many young widows preferred to die than to live this kind of life. It must not be imagined that every Hindu widow ended her life at the funeral pyre, but between 1816 and 1818 nearly 2500 widows were burned in the province of Bengal alone, most of them against their wishes.

Ram Mohan Roy asked the British Government to pass a law against this crime, but the officials did not wish to interfere with the customs of the people.

The Indian Reformer sent petitions to England. He appealed to members of the House of Commons. He sent urgent requests to the Directors of the East India Company. Only after 22 years of hard fighting did he achieve his object.

The credit of the final blow to Suttce goes to Lord William Bentinck, a blunt Englishman who decided that this practice must stop; but it is very doubtful if he could have succeeded but for the work which Ram Mohan had done.

The last four years of his life were spent in England. He was the first to break through the ancient tradition which made it a social and religious crime for a Hindu to cross the seven seas.

If today we find a vigorous movement among the women of India for recognition of their rights as citizens; if we find Indian and Hindu women practising as lawyers, doctors, teachers, and engaged in every walk of life, we must honour for it the man who first championed Indian womanhood 100 years ago.

TWO MEN AND A ROPE THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE ALPS

The Man Who Held His Friend Over a Crevasse

RESCUE IN THE NICK OF TIME

"I like doing hard things with other men; when we are coming down the mountain I feel that we have cheated Death," said an Englishman to one who asked him why he loved mountaineering.

A few weeks ago the Englishman was killed; and now comes news of two other men who loved doing hard things, as he did, and would have perished like him except for a very gallant rescue.

Two Swiss climbers left Zermatt to climb the Breithorn. While crossing a glacier a snow bridge broke, and the leader fell into a crevasse.

Of course he would have been dashed to pieces if he had not been roped to his friend and if the friend had not made a mighty effort and kept his footing.

Marvellous Good Fortune

Using all his strength, the second climber kept the fallen man hanging over the crevasse. He shouted for help from time to time but with hardly any hope that he would be heard.

His strength gradually ebbed under the strain of the other man's weight. Slowly he was drawn toward the edge of the crevasse. When he could resist no more he would be dragged over, and both would be dashed to pieces. The temptation to save his own life by cutting the rope must have been very great, but he resisted it and fought on.

By marvellous good fortune his shouts were heard by three frontier Carabinieri, who had been on a round of inspection and were going to spend the night in the Principe di Piemonte hut on the Colle di San Teodoro, 11,000 feet high.

It was getting dark, but the Carabinieri and two guides set off, and reached the scene of the disaster after an hour's climbing. By now the man in the crevasse was only half-conscious, and the man on the ledge was on the point of collapse, but he was still grasping the rope, trying not to let go. The rescuers were in the nick of time.

A Dangerous Journey

One of them was lowered into the crevasse, and put fresh ropes round the man who had hung so long like a spider. With great difficulty he was hauled up and carried to the hut.

It took three hours to return in the dark, with a stiff wind blowing. There was constant danger from hidden crevasses. The men were half-blind from the driving snow, and they had to carry the one who had fallen.

At last they reached the hut. Once more Death had been cheated. Perhaps it would be truer to say that his victim had been ransomed by the magnificent courage of one friend and five strangers.

WHO MADE THE FIRE?

BURNING OF THE REICHSTAG

The Great Trial Taking Place in Germany

A PERPLEXING CRIME

After many months of delay the Reichstag fire trial began last month before the Supreme Court at Leipzig.

Both fire and trial will take their place in the history of the 20th century, for there was something in the time and circumstances of the fire which not only astounded but perplexed all thinking people.

Not only was it part of a building in which free speech had been heard that perished, but free speech, free thought, and free action may be said to have disappeared in the smoke. Justice, too, seemed to have vanished; though it will appear again, we trust, at this Leipzig Court, to which representatives from all over the world have come expectant.

An Opportune Moment

Before the crimson-robed judges in the court came, from their long imprisonment, five men, only one a German, three others being Bulgarians of some culture and intelligence, and the other a Dutchman whose life and character are not the least mysterious feature of the trial. He seems to have not a friend in the world, and to have been a wanderer about Europe, his wandering arrested dramatically in the Reichstag building which he is accused of setting on fire.

There is no doubt the fire occurred at the most opportune moment possible for the Nazis, who used it as an instrument for mercilessly crushing the Communist and other Parties. So opportune was that fire that those who are free to speak hinted broadly that it was kindled by the Nazis themselves for election purposes. Such acts by political parties are not unknown in history; they are not unknown even in England. A few years ago one of our parties won a critical election by the publication of a copy of a supposed letter by the Russian Communist, Zinovieff, the original of which has never been produced to this day. Most historians believe there never was such a letter.

Curious Details

Curious details came to light in connection with the Reichstag fire. The Nazis declared, and men not Nazis saw with their own eyes, that the fire was not a spasmodic outbreak. It had been deliberately prepared with numerous piles of inflammable material brought into different parts of the building to ensure its absolute destruction.

The Nazi party had, some days before the fire, declared that they knew of plots by Communists to destroy public buildings. Their chief, Captain Goering, was President of the Reichstag and lived in a house adjoining and connected with it by vaulted passages. Despite the asserted danger from Communists, no special guards were set, and it is extraordinary how those petrol-soaked piles of rags and so forth reached their appropriate places.

A Public Inquiry

Another strange coincidence was the disappearance of the head of the Berlin Fire Brigade immediately after the fire.

So threatening was the situation that many who could throw light on the actions of those unhappily accused fled from Germany and felt that it was not safe to return in order to give evidence on their behalf.

A hatred of injustice is a wonderfully unifying force in civilisation, and men all over Europe began to discuss the possibilities of ascertaining the truth. Lawyers from many nations got into touch with one another and determined to hold a public inquiry and examine such witnesses of facts as they could obtain with a view to setting the avail-

NO WAITING

The Telephone is Better and Better

All our biggest cities are now so linked by telephone that they can speak to each other as easily and as quickly as if they were just round the corner.

This new "on demand" system means that a man in Edinburgh can ring up his friend in Cardiff, or a Londoner can ring up a Leeds man in the same way as we put through a local call. No longer need we ask for our trunk number, and then hang about half an hour waiting for it to come through.

This is a great advance, and has meant a lot of work on the part of the Post Office engineers. An immense quantity of new wiring has had to be fixed and 400 switchboards of a new type. And they are still working on the idea, linking up other large towns, so that it is hoped that within six months any town of 30,000 people or more will be able to get a quick call through to any other town.

A GRAND OLD LADY

Mrs Bousfield of Nottingham

Nottingham is mourning her Grand Old Lady, Mrs Bousfield, who has died two months after her 105th birthday.

We have several times spoken of her in the C.N., and three times her handsome face has looked out from these pages. Once we showed her chatting with the King when he went to Nottingham to lay the new university's foundation-stone; and it seems only the other day that we were telling of the 105 candles on her birthday cake.

Mrs Bousfield was not only great in age, but great in character. When she was 99 she joined the Good Templars (for, of course, so old a lady was a teetotaler), and at 103 she gave a ten-minute speech appealing for funds to fight the city's slums.

Nottingham (and not only Nottingham) will miss this grand old lady.

SISTER AGNES OF TWICKENHAM

For nearly 55 years Sister Agnes nursed the sick back to health in the Hospital of St John at Twickenham, and now she has passed over.

St John's has only known one matron, for Miss Edginton was appointed its matron when the hospital was founded in 1878 by Miss Elizabeth Twining. So greatly did Miss Twining admire the zeal of her friend that she expressed a wish that she should be laid in the same grave, and now these two great benefactors of Twickenham lie in the same sacred piece of earth.

Sister Agnes had two valuable gifts. She had a beautiful voice, and would often sing her patients to sleep, and she had the gift of inspiring others to give generously to her hospital, with the result that never in her long reign was the hospital in debt.

Continued from the previous column

able evidence in an ordered and uncensored form before the world. This commission of inquiry came to a unanimous conclusion that no connection whatever can be traced between the Communist party and the fire, that Torgler and the Bulgarians had no possible connection with it, that Van Der Lubbe cannot have committed the crime alone, and that there were grave grounds for suspecting that the Reichstag was set on fire by emissaries of a political party.

It is not, of course, for any nation to endeavour to influence the judges of another nation to acquit or condemn any accused parties brought before them; but every nation has a right to encourage another nation to act in accordance with the highest principles of civilisation. Even the Nazis realise that they stand in this matter at the bar of the civilised world.

SMOKE AND FUMES SUPPRESSED

Triumph of the Engineers

FLOWERS FOR A POWER HOUSE

So confident are the engineers that they have succeeded in eliminating noxious gases from Battersea Power Station that flower-beds are being planted round about it. One of the great turbo-alternators of 65,000 kilowatts is already working and hundreds of tons of coal have been consumed daily for over a month, but there are no signs of plant poisoning.

The chimneys will soon give out about a cubic foot of flue gas each minute, and only the minutest volume of the dangerous sulphur fumes will be able to escape the complicated washing apparatus which has been installed.

To eliminate ordinary smoke and dust was a simple task for the engineers, as there is no necessity for any factory chimney to smoke; but it was a problem to eliminate the sulphur fumes. About £250,000 has been spent in four years of research into the problem of eliminating this disastrous product, and it is claimed that in future a chimney should not necessarily imply a filthy atmosphere.

WAS BARRIE BORN THERE?

A Little Place For Sale

Number 9, Brechin Road, Kirriemuir, together with the adjoining Number 11, and the washing-house to the south of these premises—this property is for sale.

It is rather shocking; for Sir James Barrie was born there. In the washing-house he used to give childish performances. That washhouse was, as he said in his preface to Peter Pan, the theatre of his first play.

Somehow we feel that a great man's birthplace ought not to be in the market, but Sir James does not seem to mind.

Perhaps it is not really his birthplace? Was he not born in fairyland, with Puck for a father, and exchanged in the cradle? Irish and Scottish people have many tales about such changelings.

Certainly he knows more about the fairies than any mere mortal has a right to know. Perhaps Tinkerbell is a portrait of his mother.

Do not let us get too sentimental about Number 9, Brechin Road.

SWOP

Engineering Firms To Try It

Please can I have two ploughs worth of cream separators?

This is more or less what will be happening as the result of an agreement between an English firm of cream separator makers in Gloucester and the Cockshutt Plow Company of Canada.

A real scheme of barter has been agreed on by the two firms as a result of the recent Imperial Conference at Ottawa, and one firm will buy ploughs and pay for them in cream separators.

HIS LIFE SAVED BY HIS FRIEND

Queen Eleanor will always be remembered for her courage in saving the life of a king by sucking the poison from his wound.

From Natal the news has come of a deed of equal bravery, and the hero of the story was a Scout named Horton.

When he and his friend Cooper were walking on a farm near Pietermaritzburg they had an unpleasant encounter, a venomous puff-adder appearing in their path and biting Cooper on the leg.

Horton was not a Scout for nothing. He saved the situation by his presence of mind, sucking the poison out of the wound before it had time to penetrate deeply. It is good to know that Cooper, who was rushed off to hospital, has recovered, his life saved by his friend.

THE SPIDER IN A MATCHBOX

What It is Doing For Us

ITS REMARKABLE WEB

This is the time of the year when the skilled workman who specialises in making scientific instruments harvests spider silk.

If you are fortunate enough you may come across him prowling about in the park or on the common, peering into the shrubs and bushes for recently-spun webs which tell of the presence of spiders.

The captured female spiders, which are larger than the timid males, are each placed in an empty matchbox. After three or four days of captivity the box is opened and the spider is offered a ladder of escape in the shape of a pencil. She mounts it eagerly, and, letting out a silken thread, attempts to lower herself to the ground.

As quickly as she spins the workman winds the silken thread in single strands on a wire frame. Sometimes a spider will supply twenty frames, roughly about 100 yards of thread, before she ceases spinning. She is then given her freedom.

The Meridian at Greenwich

When about a dozen spiders have been tricked in this way the mechanic considers he has enough thread for his year's work. It is stored in airtight tins and used for marking the diaphragm sight-lines by which instruments of precision (such as microscopes, theodolites, and telescopes) make measurements down to a half-millionth of an inch. The meridian at Greenwich, from which all the world takes its time, is a thread spun by a common spider.

In such delicate instruments it is absolutely essential that there should be a smooth sight-line, gummed down with shellac under the eyepiece, upon which the object glass may be focussed. Steel hairs were tried, but it was found that they magnify as the power increases. Other substances, though delicate enough, change under heat or cold or damp; the spider's gossamer alone remains for all time unchanged.

When woven a spider's web varies in thickness between '0002 and '0003 of an inch, but if this is too thick the web is split in two and a single strand is used. This is done by means of a fine needle, which is drawn transversely through it.

GREEN HATS

And the Sensible Children Under Them

A party of English children all under 14 and all wearing large green sun-hats paid their first happy visit to Geneva this summer.

It was the Isle of Wight that had the good idea of planning this trip for nearly 50 of its schoolchildren, the first time such young visitors have found their way direct to the League. They were received with all due respect by the Secretariat and the I.L.O., and everything that would interest them was shown and explained. They had a first-rate holiday, with excursions on lake and mountains, and with the companionship in their simple hostel of Scouts from Paris and Vienna with whom they joined in the delights of a camp fire.

THINGS SAID

The recovery from the age of bad taste is in progress. Dean Inge

An anti-fire league is required not less than an anti-litter league.

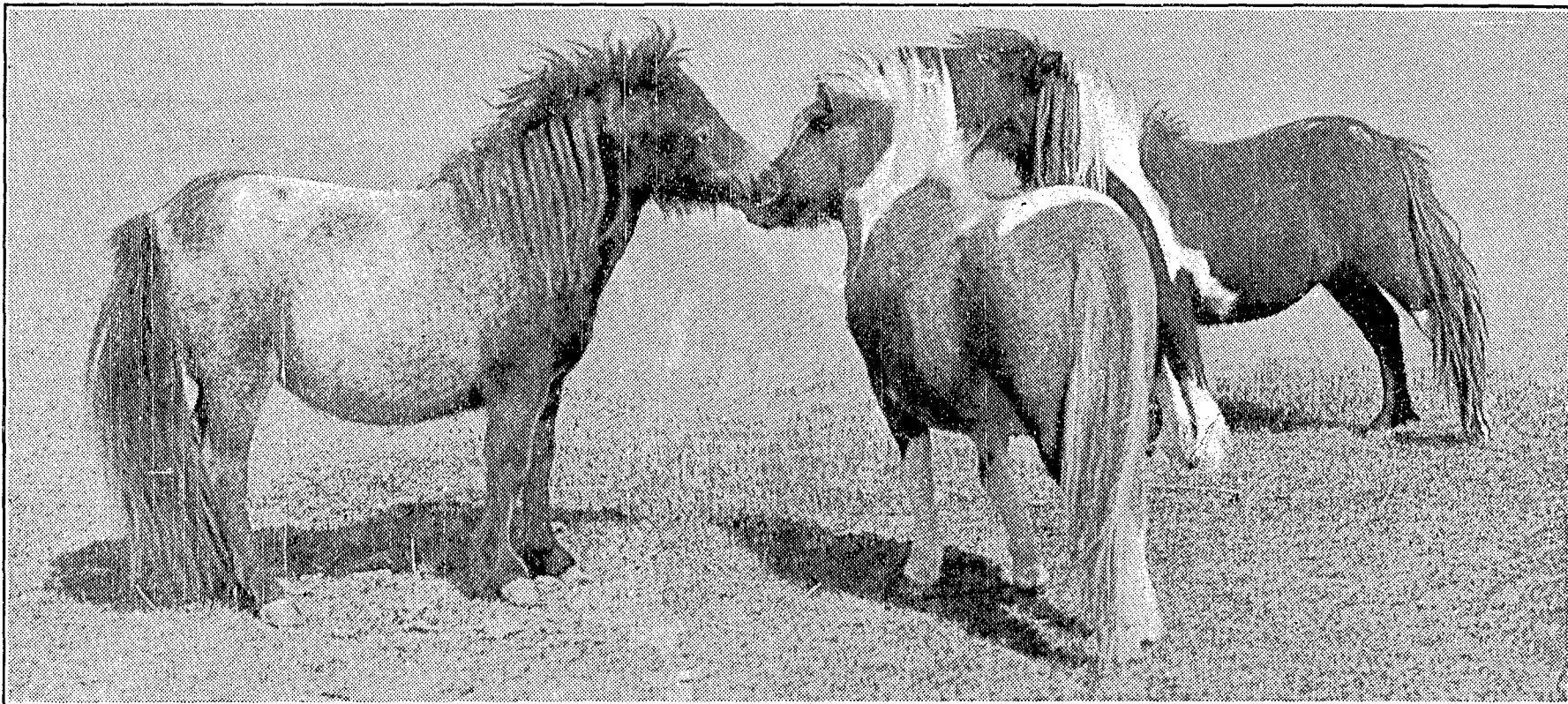
Mr Charles T. Street

We live in the most beautiful country in the world and are ignorant of our blessings. Sir Max Pemberton

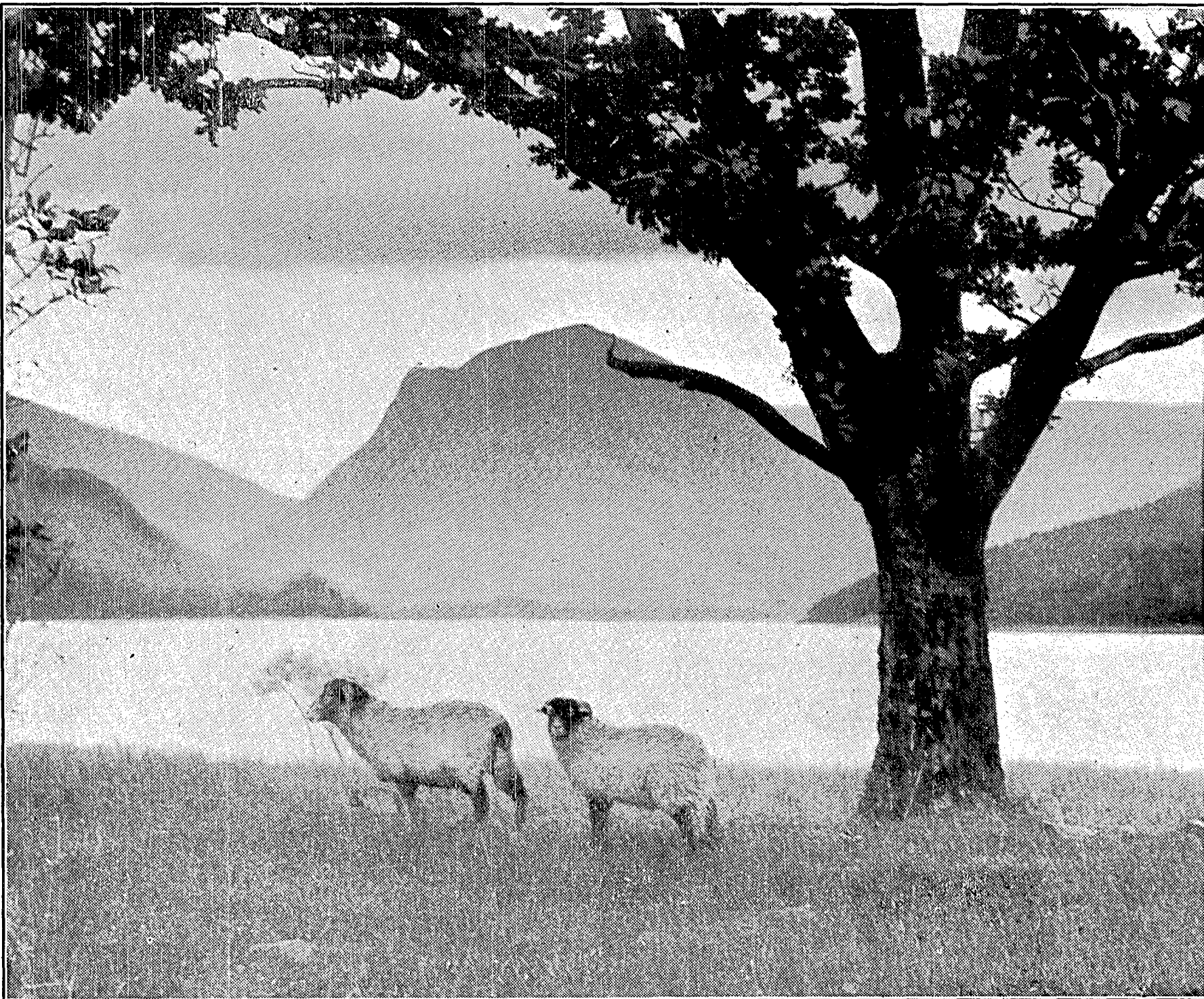
English people love to laugh at their most valued institutions, and the ones they laugh at most last longest.

Mr A. P. Herbert

SUSSEX SHELTIES • AUTUMN COMES TO THE LAKES



Shelties in Sussex—These little Shetland ponies have never seen the islands from which they take their name, for they were bred at Bodiam in Sussex.



Autumn in Lakeland—This picture was taken on the shores of Buttermere. In the background is Fleetwith Pike, with Honister Pass on the left.

MR ROOSEVELT'S VALIANT EFFORT WILL THE GREAT PLAN SUCCEED?

The Critical Problem Before
the American People

WAGES, PRICES, AND CONFIDENCE

One more obstacle has been overcome in the steady drive of President Roosevelt on the road to national recovery.

The determined action of General Johnson, his right-hand man, has ensured the acceptance of the Code of fair conditions in the chief coal industry, and eighteen representatives have signed it. There will be a forty-hour week, minimum wages for skilled and unskilled labour, arbitration machinery to settle labour disputes, and organised marketing of coal at a fair price.

Wages and Prices

In the cost of coal to the consumer, as in the cost of all other articles of which the prices are rising owing to increasing costs of production, the test will come before many weeks have passed. Will the increased wages reach the consumer's pockets in sufficient time to enable them to pay the higher prices, and will they have confidence to launch out in expenditure to which probably millions have been unaccustomed? If this confidence does not come, the position might be even more disastrous than that before the great scheme was started.

Already men are asking whether the granting of credit to industries through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which has power to lend up to £200,000,000 to banks and trust companies so that they can in turn lend it to industry, will meet the problem. They declare that something even more drastic will be necessary—namely, the actual inflation of the currency by the printing of paper money, the results of which no man can foresee.

All evidence, however, points to the fact that so far President Roosevelt has acted with cool judgment and steady purpose. There is no doubt the great majority of Americans are giving him whole-hearted support and are entering on the new conditions with a courage which is a high example to all.

A Pledge For the Optimist

Many prominent people in the radio, theatrical, and business world of America are working for the N.R.A. (National Recovery Act), giving entertainments and explaining the aims of the movement to the people. One of these has produced a Blue Eagle Pledge, and we give here part of its contents.

I promise

1. To support the Code and cut the arguments.
2. To give the iron ear to the fellow who has all those reasons why the N.R.A. won't work.
3. To remember that we are in a war, and that if it was all right for the Government to ask a few million boys to give their lives to settle a disturbance in Europe it must be fairly reasonable to request a few million business men to endure a little discomfort for the common good.
4. To bear in mind that, after all, this time Uncle Sam is not asking me to leave my home and my family and show a machine-gun squad I can take it.
5. To realise that patriotism is patriotism, even when there are no bugs.
6. To remember that I have an obligation to do something more than stick a picture of a bird in a front window.
7. To realise that the slogan is We Do Our Part, and not We Dupe Our Partner.
8. To realise when in a critical mood that nobody has suggested a better plan for quick action.

A KINEMA FOR VICTORIA

New Idea For Stations

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY AND THE WEARY WAITING

In the years before the war there was not a comic paper in the land which would not have exulted in the fact that Victoria Station had installed a kinema.

The C.N. does not propose to jest about this scheme, but to urge its adoption at the other great stations. It is, of course, inevitable that there are many minutes which pass slowly for people who use London as a junction for two of the great main lines. How are travellers to pass this time? It is impossible to visit museums, picture galleries, parks, and other attractions of the metropolis with a feeling of ease that one will not miss the train, and half an hour's boredom watching other people's trains come in and go out has been our usual lot.

London's Gate For Overseas

Station seats are hard and station platforms are stony, while steam and smoke have not added to the attractiveness of station walls. What could be more attractive than a warm, comfortable little theatre showing a series of instructive or amusing films for the price of a few pence?

Victoria, London's gate for overseas, seems an ideal place to show travel films—if there is a good clock on the theatre wall with arrival and departure indicators.

The new kinema will make Victoria a place of pleasant memories, not only to our own kith and kin but to countless visitors from overseas. But the station clock will travel much faster inside than out, and the travellers will have to keep their eyes on it!

SEVEN OLD LADIES And Fifty Gentlemen

Two remarkable items reach us this week, one about seven old ladies and one about fifty gentlemen.

The seven ladies are sisters, who have lately met in a home in Cheshire. They started counting up their combined years and made the total 483.

We have seen a photograph of these seven old ladies, all with a strong family resemblance and the same fine white hair. Any one of them looks capable of bringing the total up to 500.

This surely must be a record, and it is the sort of record we like; far more interesting than that a man should pedal backward round the world or sit on a pole for twenty days.

The fifty gentlemen we hear of come from a village in the Swansea Valley with a curious name—Cwmlllynfell. It has given birth to over a hundred clergymen and ministers, fifty of whom met at a conference the other day in their native village.

Nearly every family in the village claimed a parson. And the parsons belong to the Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, and the Pentecostal and Anglican Churches. Some of them have churches in Canada, the United States, Scotland, England, and Wales. Some are missionaries, one is in India, one is in Kenya, and one is on the Congo. One is an editor, two have been chairmen of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, two have been crowned and chaired bards of the National Eisteddfod, three are well-known English writers, and four are dramatists.

And they all came from a small village with only about 2000 people.

END OF SUMMER TIME

Summer Time ends early in the morning of Sunday, October 8, so all clocks and watches should be put back one hour on Saturday night.

A LIFE SAVED FIFTY YEARS AGO

Man in Search of His
Rescuers

WHAT A MEETING IT WILL BE!

Few letters can be stranger than one which reached Prince Olav in Oslo a few days ago.

The letter came from a London man, and asked the prince if he could trace any living member of the crew of the *Urda*, a sloop which sailed the seas 50 years ago.

In 1883 the writer had been rescued by the *Urda* in the North Sea, and now he wanted to get into touch with the men to whom he owed his life.

Prince Olav was interested, and set the police to work.

They found that the only one left of the crew was the carpenter.

An Unforgettable Rescue

Ole Vikoren is his name. He remembered the rescue at once, for it was an unforgettable one.

In the spring of 1883 the *Urda* was taking oats from Bergen to Newcastle when they saw a small boat drifting helplessly on the rough sea. There was no sign of life in her, but the *Urda* went to investigate, and the crew saw a lad's body lying at the bottom of the boat. Fortunately it turned out that the lad was not dead, only helpless from exhaustion and cold. He was taken aboard the *Urda*, where he soon recovered.

He had been towed by a ship, but the line had broken in the night, and he was left quite helpless in the rough seas.

The rescued lad is 68 today, and the carpenter must be a very old man. We hope the Englishman means to make a journey to see Ole Vikoren. What a talk it will be!

KEEPING THE HOME FIRES BURNING Kitchen Grate Warm For 47 Years

A woman died not long ago in the village of Cwmlllynfell, Swansea Valley, who a few days before her death boasted that the kitchen fire had not been out in 47 years.

She lit the fire when she became tenant of the house and kept it going all her married life.

There are dozens of homes in that valley where the kitchen fire has been burning for anything from twenty to forty years without having to be relit once. The old people will boast that their fire went out last in 1900, or 1910, and they remember the day and the month. Children in their teens do not remember the fire being out. And to them it would be a strange experience to see no fire in their kitchen. Summer as well as winter it is there.

The fires are kept in at night by means of culm or pelan, a mixture of coal-dust and clay. In the morning this is raked slightly, and a glow appears. Sticks and coal are added and the anthracite coal, which is smokeless, makes a nice fire.

The children have a hand in making the pelan. The clay is cut into nuts and mixed with the coal-dust. Water is added, and the boys tread on it to mix it well.

Most Swansea Valley children have not too happy memories of making pelan.

A NOTE ACROSS THE WORLD

One of our New Zealand correspondents sends us this note.

Here we are in August, and that is the beginning of spring, corresponding to February in England.

The willows are bursting into bud, the daffodils are in bloom, and young lambs and calves are to be seen in all the pastures. Winter sports are drawing to a close.

SLAVES ON THE ROADS THE MONSTROUS THING THAT STILL GOES ON

Sleepy Drivers of Lorries Who
Imperil Our Lives

A DEAD ACT?

Nothing short of slave-driving still persists on the roads of England.

The nineteenth-century industrial system of playing on a man's fear or greed is rife in the haulage industry. Not only are drivers of lorries sacrificing their own lives day and night, but they are imperilling all other users of the roads.

Rarely can we pick up a local or county paper without reading some story of tragedy and shame in this connection. It is astounding that in this age, when the law relating to factories is insistent on eliminating risks due to fatigue, the section in the Road Traffic Act regulating the working hours of drivers should be treated as a dead letter by everybody.

An Avoidable Tragedy

Here is one of the worst of these avoidable tragedies. Early on a summer Friday morning a lorry-driver was killed in a collision with a tram standard. At the inquest his widow declared that he had had *only one and a half hour's sleep from Monday night till Friday morning*.

He had told her that he was dead-beat before he started on Thursday night. He had taken a load of potatoes from Boston to Rochdale on Monday night, another to Leeds on Tuesday night, another toward Scarborough on Wednesday night when his lorry broke down, causing additional worry and anxiety; and he was driving to Coventry when, as he said just before he died, he must have dozed. The jury said that the man's death was owing to the inhumanity of his employer, and the coroner agreed that the employer was morally responsible, and that it was a case of slave-driving.

It seems that in some cases drivers are paid by the journey and are encouraged to take as many trips as possible to earn good wages. It is an anomaly that the public should be so sensitive about the hours worked by engine-drivers and so indifferent to this laxity on the road, where all our lives are at stake.

THE C.N. STORMS A HOUSE

Filling the Spare Room

On July 22 we printed in these pages an appeal from a Surrey lady for old C.N.s to be sent to Australian children.

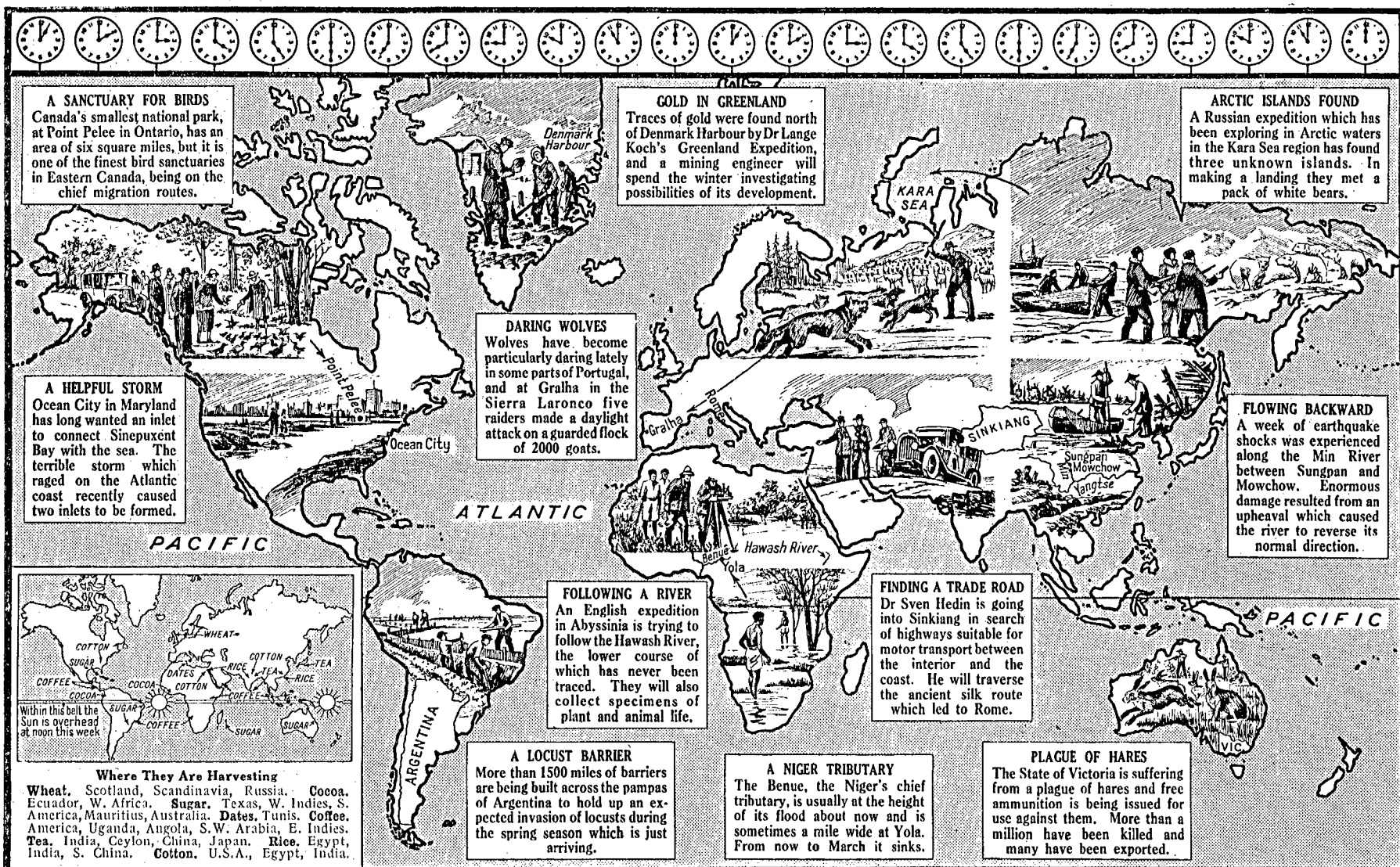
The very day the paper was published a few C.N.s dropped through her letter-box. Then they began to pour in, faster and faster, more and more, till an upstairs room had to be entirely given up to them.

Batches of C.N.s, costing anything from 1s to 9s in postage or cartage, were dumped on the doorstep. Postmen had so many journeys that it was thought necessary to tip them. One man sent a complete issue from the beginning.

And still the papers are pouring in. When we heard from this lady on September 18, two months after the appeal appeared, she had received more than two thousand C.N.s.

Our Surrey friend is doing her best to cope with this strange roomful, and schools and missions and hospitals all over the Empire are benefiting, besides Australian children. Never did we or she imagine quite such a magnificent response on the part of our readers. She thanks them all, but at the end of her letter she begs: "Please do not put my address in the paper again." She cannot spare a second bedroom.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A MILLION GALLONS A DAY

Water in the Great Drought LOOKING FORWARD SAVES THE SITUATION

An adequate water supply is of first importance to a bleaching works. A large bleaching works at Buckton Vale in Cheshire is therefore to be congratulated on foreseeing the danger of a dry summer in time.

These works use over a million gallons of water a day, and the extended drought, plus the fact that one of the reservoirs was found to be leaking, might have thrown a thousand employees out of work had not the firm's engineers been busy in the meantime.

Professor Morton of Manchester University made a careful geological survey, and then the artesian well-borers were called in. It was a race against time, but at a depth of 150 feet the borers struck water, a temporary pump was erected, and the works were saved, for this temporary pump delivered over 15,000 gallons of water an hour, adding 400,000 gallons to the firm's daily supply.

AUSTRIANS IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH

A group of Austrian railwaymen has concluded a week's visit to London and returned to Vienna.

In accordance with the scheme of the Austrian Federal Railways they have been attending classes in English, arranged for railwaymen with the object of enabling them to speak to English and American travellers. It is thought British visitors will appreciate the fact that they will be able to speak to the train and station staff in English, and that this will contribute to making Austria, as a tourist country, more attractive to British visitors.

Among the visitors to London were ticket-collectors, guards, and clerks.

THE TASK OF AN ARBITRATOR

£5000 To Settle a £300 Dispute

The refusal of an insurance company to pay a claim of £312 10s 1d to a firm which had suffered loss from burglaries has resulted in law costs of over £5000.

This large sum may, of course, be worth their while to pay for the establishment of an insurance principle concerning which there is general doubt.

The interest of the case to the general public, however, is in the length of time it occupied and in showing the care and thoroughness with which disputes are investigated before an arbitrator, for the hearing of this case began in March and continued until the end of July, 35 days being spent by the arbitrator, 33 witnesses being called, 50 exhibits being examined, and 30 volumes of shorthand notes being transcribed.

Arbitration for the decision of matters in dispute is a legal method adopted to save the time and expense of our courts of law. The arbitrator is usually chosen by the two conflicting parties, who agree to accept his decision. The arbitrator, in fact, sits as a judge and abides by the rules of evidence obeyed in the ordinary courts. Counsel state the cases of their clients and cross-examine witnesses. The arbitrator has to come to a decision within a certain period of the conclusion of the hearing.

ONE WAY WITH THE LOUT

A gentleman recently saw on the ground a number of torn-up scraps of paper, which proved to be a veritable heap of old letters.

He picked up some pieces, and managed to make out a name and address; then he posted on the whole, with an appropriate word, hoping he had caught the right culprit. In any case he was sure the recipient would let the guilty person know what annoyance he had been put to.

MORE WORK EVERYWHERE

Official Returns From Many Lands

From the official summaries we take the following records, which show that there is a general improvement in employment in the world at large. In our own country this year has seen a fall of some 600,000 in the workless.

In France unemployment decreased during July. In Germany unemployment showed a decrease in August of nearly a million compared with last year. In Italy unemployment showed a further decrease during July, and is now 824,195 compared with 931,291 last year.

In Scandinavia unemployment decreased in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden during July. In the United States representative firms in 89 chief manufactures report an increase of over seven per cent in the workers on their pay-rolls on July 15 as compared with the preceding month. In Canada employment at the beginning of August showed a further upward movement.

Similar encouraging reports come from Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, New Zealand, and the Irish Free State.

THE DOCTOR WHO DID NOT RUN

All doctors and nurses are brave. They risk their lives many times to help the sick. We suppose this habit of unselfishness helped Dr Gerald Marks of Leeds to do a brave thing the other day.

He started his car in a garage at Bridlington, and at once it burst into flames. The doctor got out, and then, instead of making good his escape, pushed the burning car out of the garage and down a lane 30 yards long. The garage was surrounded by houses, and the fire might have done grievous injury.

It is good to know that the doctor escaped unhurt, although the fire brigade could not save his car.

BAKING IN CHURCH

A Saxon Oven Found

OLD WAY AND THE NEW

There are very few churches with oven chimneys, and the people of East Horsley in Surrey have only just discovered that their church is among the rare ones.

The tower needed restoration, which seemed a calamity but proved a blessing, because the workmen discovered a Saxon window and the flue of a Saxon oven. The flue has an outlet at 15 feet.

Mr Philip Johnston, F.S.A., who has done so much to save our old churches, says it is probable that the sacramental wafers were baked in this oven. The priest was the baker.

There is another oven chimney at Thursley in the same county.

It is very pleasant to have this link with our Saxon forefathers restored to us, and strange to think of blue smoke coming from the tower while the church was sweet with the smell of baking.

We regret to have heard of a church where people were found cooking a breakfast early one morning, and we prefer the old parson baker to these new and vulgar intruders in our sacred places.

THE FLYING MAIL

620 Miles in a Day

Romantic contrasts between the days when Australian settlers had to wait anything from six weeks to six months for mail and the efficient speedy methods of 1933 are furnished by a story which comes to us from Australia.

A letter marked urgent, addressed to someone on the outskirts of Brisbane, was posted at 8 a.m. in Sydney by air mail. It reached its destination at 4.30 p.m. the same day, having travelled 620 miles by plane, train, tram, and bus, and been sorted by four post offices.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 7 1933

Health and Wealth

WITH clearer eyes we perceive the shortcomings of our society. Never before was there so searching a survey of social evils. Fortunately, that is not because things are worse than of old; it is because things are better.

It is only when a nation is on the road of progress that it mourns whatever seems bad. So it is therefore that, although poverty, ill-health, and destitution are growing rarer, we are still more dissatisfied with what of them remains.

Our great Chief Medical Officer of Health, Sir George Newman, gives us a most encouraging account of the national fight with disease.

The death-rate last year was only 1·2 per thousand of the population. The deaths of infants of less than a year old have actually fallen by a half since the first ten years of the century. Above all, it is good to note that the typical disease of poverty (tuberculosis), which caused 92 in every 1000 deaths as recently as 1923, now causes only 69 per 1000 deaths—a marvellous reduction in ten years.

Especially there has been improvement in the poor districts, where it was most needed. And this in spite of the fact that there have been two great trade depressions since the war.

No one who has watched the recent changes in society has failed to notice the better condition of the masses of the people, the main material of the nation.

We see working-people better dressed than the middle-classes of the end of last century, enjoying more of recreation and amusement than was ever known before. The average picture palace holds a well-dressed, well-fed, well-behaved audience that could not have been called together thirty years ago to exhibit such obvious signs of comfort and prosperity.

Unemployment, Sir George Newman points out, has a serious effect on physical and mental health. If the general improvement noted has taken place in spite of it we must conclude that the measures taken to mitigate its effects have been successful in maintaining health.

All this makes for sanity and for optimism. God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world! If so much has been done to eradicate the social evils resulting from past neglect, how much may we not hope from the new advance! We may renew the march with confidence. With ever-improving instruments we advance.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



What We Saw

It is an incredible world and incredible things do happen in it.

Everybody knows what a good idea it is to have police officers riding about in cars, but how many people will believe what even police officers will do sometimes?

We were behind two of them in Savernake Forest when they pulled up suddenly without the slightest warning, and began to turn sharp right.

Fortunately our clever driver saved them from disaster, but if this should catch their eye we urge them not to do it again lest the motor-police should see them.

A Clumsy Thing Put Right

THERE has been another chance for our Bright Boy in the Cabinet.

He would have told the Government at once (any bright boy would have told them) that the clumsy name of the London Passenger Transport Board would have to go.

It puzzles an ordinary brain to know how these things happen. There is not a business man in the country who would not have known that such a clumsy name would never do, and that there was no need for it.

Few things have been more ridiculous than this latest example of want of thought in our politicians, and we are glad to see that the facts of the case have driven the Transport Board to drop its initials, and to drop the word Passenger altogether, and call itself London Transport.

Like Some of the Great Ones Gone

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone

For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.
And ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!

Tennyson

King Arthur's Knight

PASSING by Tintagel the other night we were surprised to see a knight in armour standing out against the sky on a battlemented wall.

There are those who believe that Arthur and his knights were here, that they walked about these wondrous heights, and that this magnificent head carved by the rains of hundreds of winters and the suns of hundreds of summers is a portrait of King Arthur himself.

It may be or it may not be, but our knight on the battlements was at any rate not King Arthur or his shadow; he was just the porter of King Arthur's Castle Hotel, who dons his armour to sound the Last Post every night when the Sun goes down.

The Richer of the Two

HE possessed practically nothing; he could only appreciate, said a friend to the Philosopher one day.

"Those who appreciate without possessing are much richer than those who possess without appreciating," he answered.

The Lion Loose

ONCE more a lion has broken loose at a show. We have no doubt that this barbarism will one day cease, but why not before the lion has eaten a showman or a spectator?

Tip-Cat

BEEES clean their hives every time the weather changes. So their life isn't all honey.

WE treat our feet badly, says a writer. Always keep them under.

THE Londoner knows how to stand up for himself. But not how to get a seat in the Underground.

A DENTIST and patient came to blows the other day. It ended in a draw.

BATHING at the seaside is rarely indulged in by residents. But sometimes visitors take them in.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If cheap clocks are striking bargains

his flower beds. Now he will probably lose the watch.

If cars are dearer people will take to aeroplanes. Then they will go up.

RADIO is just a craze, we are told. A wave of popularity.

MOVING pavements are proposed for London. A passing fancy.

FARMING means endless anxiety, declares a farmer. Sometimes it's simply harrowing.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A JUG of water was given a place of honour at a Swansea harvest festival.

AN old lady dying at Oxford was for over 60 years a friend and nurse in one family.

A MAN was fined at Tower Bridge for dropping onion skins on a footpath.

A LONDONER left £20 to a Tube lift attendant he spoke to every day.

JUST AN IDEA

No one can do our work for us; success is individual.

September Goes

EACH day at early morning and at sundown, there's a bird singing as though the Spring were come, as though he had not heard

A sound stir in the trees which meant that Autumn's surely been;

Or is it that she waits outside, for still some trees are green?

AND just as though bright August days had not gone speeding by,

There often darts on wings of joy a jewelled dragon-fly;

And many a butterfly I see, and many a lingering rose.

In every garden summer-time is dawdling as she goes.

Ah, Winter! Earth's unready yet; hold back a little space!

Let memories of Spring still cling; though, when we see your face

All tempest-lined, smile through your frowns until Spring comes again,

And show us beauty ever is where darkness dwells—and pain.

Marjorie Wilson

The Cyclist and the Car

ALL who ride bicycles are only too painfully aware that the motorist often treats the cyclist with contempt.

Millions of new bicycles have come into use, which is an excellent thing, for it means that millions of poor people are now obtaining healthy exercise and seeing their country; but the popularity of cycling has led to the suggestion that cyclists should be confined to certain roads!

Thus the cyclist joins the pedestrian in the disfavour of those who own cars.

It may be pointed out to the average motorist that for his own sake he would do well to treat cyclists with the respect that is due to every citizen, whether on foot, on a bicycle, in a cart, in a motor-car, or in a perambulator. It is not well to drive cyclists into ditches and rob them of the road, for a moment's reflection will show motorists that they are raising a strong public opinion against them, of which Parliament will soon have to take notice.

It is not alone a question of life and death. We become afraid to walk on our roads, and if we do we are in a constant state of apprehension.

A C.N. Guinea

As so many of our readers have sent us records of long and faithful service we should be very glad to send a Guinea to any C.N. reader who will send us the longest record of all.

There are almost certain to be some records of completed long service in your churchyard or your church, and it will be interesting to look for them. All information to be sent on postcards.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

Jesus

CUBA SLOW TO SETTLE DOWN WHAT THE TROUBLE IS ABOUT

The Evils of High-Handed Dictatorship

AMERICA'S ANXIETY

The evils of dictatorship, especially when that form of government is more ruthless and high-handed than usual, have been shown in the events taking place in Cuba.

When one man rules by violence, as General Machado did for some years, it is almost inevitable that the parties and organisations opposed to him should work and scheme in secret. They dare not even pool their resources. The dictatorship is often followed by more than one change of government as each section of opponents secures the domination over the rest.

Great Opportunities

Perhaps we do not realise what great opportunities Cuba has had and what progress she has made this century. The country is about a third as large again as Ireland, has free and compulsory education, and has the greatest production of sugar of any country in the world, while her tobacco industry is most prosperous.

The opponents of the dictatorship included a large organisation of students whose aim has been to limit the future powers of the President and to develop parliamentary government such as we are familiar with. Then there are the trade unions, which have grown steadily more powerful and would go even farther than the students and their associates; while, lastly, there is a Communist party, comparatively small but taking full opportunity of the situation to spread its ideas.

Dissatisfied Soldiers

The Provisional President, Dr De Cespedes, held power for a very brief period. The non-commissioned officers and men of the Cuban Army were dissatisfied because the purge of the officers in the army was not drastic enough. The masses supported them, and a Junta of five members succeeded Dr De Cespedes and determined to govern by decree.

This revolution caused much anxiety in America, which not only has some 7000 of her nationals in Cuba, but has invested over £200,000,000 in the industries of the country. America was very nervous about the ability of the Junta to keep order and carry on the Government. About 200 officers took refuge in the very hotel in which the American Ambassador lived and thus secured the diplomatic privileges which go with his residence. The Communists started to incite the working-classes and the officerless army against the new rulers, whose task has proved none too easy owing to the delay of the American Government in recognising them.

No Interference

Though America has some 40 ships in Cuban waters she has been very loth to intervene. A dozen years ago she would undoubtedly have done so in the early stages of the revolution, but the big Republics in South America have advanced considerably in prestige and are somewhat suspicious. Their sense of independence makes them look askance at what may seem like interference, and a strong democratic feeling in America itself is much opposed to the use of the Navy and Army unless there is an attack on Americans.

Many other people feel that if Cuba were treated as an entirely independent country the parties in Cuba who are stirring up trouble against what they call the capitalistic influence of America would have one grievance less with which to play on the excitable elements of the population. What we must not forget is that Cuba is a country of great natural wealth, and that the revolution is a sign of progress rather than reaction.

HE LAUGHED DEATH AWAY

A BRAVE and lovable man has died suddenly of heart failure.

He was Khan Bahadur Tasadduk Hussain, Assistant Director of the Intelligence Bureau of India.

There was something about him which few people could resist. Once he was caught by his bitterest enemies, and a pistol was pressed against his chest. There was nothing they desired so much as his death; their own safety depended on it. But he laughed and joked, and they found that they could not kill him.

He joined the United Provinces Police in 1907, and soon proved himself so intelligent and trusty that he was given the task of investigating a great Hindu-German conspiracy. For

this purpose he had to walk more than 300 miles, contending with spies, jungle beasts, and monsoons.

It was a very dangerous mission. He could only take with him one Indian sub-inspector, a small party of coolies, and six ponies.

The sub-inspector was murdered. Most of the coolies deserted. The six ponies died. Khan Bahadur Tasadduk Hussain survived all the dangers and hardships, and accomplished his mission, but his health was broken by it.

He continued to do the perilous work of tracking down assassins and terrorists. For the peace of Mother India he risked his life many times, and now all the Government of India Departments are mourning a valiant friend.

AN OLD FRIEND BETRAYED



Never will our soldiers forget their horses, among the noblest friends of our country in the war, giving their lives for what they did not understand. Now 500 of our old war horses are in Egyptian bondage in Cairo, and C.N. friends are wanted to save them. See page 10.

6000 MILES OF PATHS

And Signposts For All of Them

Essex has given a lead which we hope will be followed by every county.

The County Council has decided to put up signposts at all the public paths and bridle paths, whether used or disused, throughout the county. The work has already begun of signposting 1500 miles of foot and bridle paths, and it is hoped that in four years direction posts will be provided for the county's 6000 miles of public paths.

Walking tourists will benefit in more ways than one from this helpful piece of work, for while the paths were being traced several disused rights of way were found which have now been reopened to the public.

It was revealed that many field-paths had been ploughed up or built over

FEWER ON THE FARMS

More in the Streets

The Ministry of Agriculture reports a further shrinkage in the agricultural workers of England and Wales.

In 1931 the number was small enough, having fallen to 716,607; but in 1932 the number fell again, to 697,481.

Since 1923 the number of workers on farms and holdings exceeding one acre has fallen by 75,000, or ten per cent.

The reduction is officially attributed to the changed character of farming (the change from arable to livestock farming) and to the bad times.

The number of canvassers and travelling salesmen now threatens to be greater than the number of farm labourers—that is to say, there are more men selling in the streets than working on the farms.

DICTATOR DOLLFUSS

THE LITTLE MAN'S GREAT POWER

Ruler of Austria on the Mussolini Model

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

Dr Dollfuss, the little man so compact with energy and determination, has gathered into his own hands full executive power in Austria.

He has become a Dictator on the model of Signor Mussolini.

Matters came to a head when a deadlock occurred between his two chief supporters in the Cabinet existing under the old Parliamentary constitution, Prince Starhemberg, leader of the Fascist Heimwehr, and Herr Winkler, the Republican head of the Landbund, or Agrarian party. When there was no prospect of agreement between these two leaders Dr Dollfuss acted in a constitutional way and went to see Dr Wilhelm Miklas, who has been President of the Republic since 1928, and offered to resign the Chancellorship. The President declined to accept this resignation, and insisted that Dollfuss should remain.

His Own Foreign Minister

His only course was to reconstruct his Government, and he has done so on the Fascist model. He kept in his own hands the portfolios of Agriculture, Defence, and Public Security, and remained his own Foreign Minister. As Vice-Chancellor he appointed Major Emil Fey, who, as Minister of Public Security and Commander of the Heimwehr, has ably seconded the efforts of Dr Dollfuss in suppressing the direct and indirect attacks of both Austrian Nazis and German Nazis.

The Austrian Government will have the simplicity of all dictatorships, and the question is whether from his higher pedestal Dr Dollfuss will be able to secure the assent of the nation to a greater degree than in the past. He has undoubted moral support from Italy and the Vatican, and has the sympathy of France and this country.

Attitude of the Socialists

But the party which has thrust him in power is a small minority in Austria, where little over a third of the population are Socialists, and about a third, mostly young men, are said to be Nazis, the remaining third being the Christian Socialists and a few Agrarians, whose leader has been discarded in this reconstruction. The Socialists are undoubtedly with Dr Dollfuss in their dislike of the Nazi movement, but as a party they resent the suppression of Parliament and have no sympathy with the glorification of old Austria, for which Prince Starhemberg stands.

Dr Dollfuss, the pocket Chancellor, has shown a courage which has aroused the admiration of all. Without bluster and without underground trickery he has faced his enemies with a cool head and a gallant bearing. No other leader of his quality has appeared in Austria since it became a republic.

BIG TOWNS OF A LITTLE DOMINION

New Zealand's towns are growing up. There are only 1,500,000 people in the Dominion and nearly 600,000 live in the four largest towns.

In April this year their populations were estimated as follows: Auckland, 220,000; Wellington, 146,000; Christchurch, 130,000; Dunedin, 88,000.

Then there is a big drop to the next largest town, Wanganui, with 28,000.

Ninety years ago Auckland and Wellington were small villages of wooden huts and tents erected by the colonists, while Christchurch and Dunedin were not even thought of.

THE BLOW AGAINST CIVILISATION

BOOKS WILL SURVIVE IT
Mr H. G. Wells and the Revolt
of the Clumsy Lout

THINGS THAT ENDURE

It is good to think that, though many things pass, Books remain. Mr H. G. Wells has been speaking of the burning of books in Germany and the persecution of writers, and this is what he had to say.

Unhappily, intolerance does not always stop at the burning of books. Just now in many regions of the world there is an epidemic of intolerance which takes ugly and novel forms.

It is all very well for an exceedingly lucky and pampered writer of radical ideas like myself to discourse in a valiantly facetious manner about book burnings, but it is quite a different business in Russia, in Italy, and in Germany—above all, in Germany.

In Germany the radical writer and the original honest writer follows an adventurous and dangerous trade. He is hunted, man-handled, he is lied about. He is struck at through his family and friends; he will certainly be deprived of his property. He may be killed. These are not facts in dispute. They are proved up to the hilt.

In the Long Run

The German affair seems more than anything else the rebellion of the Clumsy Lout against Civilisation. It is the Lout's revolution against Thought, against Sanity, and against Books.

The Clumsy Lout is rampant everywhere with his symbols, his salutes, and his cruelties.

Are we safe in England? Personally, I do not feel a bit safe for ten years ahead.

About one thing I do feel safe—in the long run books will win. The Clumsy Louts will be brought to heel. In the long run sane judgment will settle with all the braying and bawling heroics of these insurgent louts.

The mills of books grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small. Men may suffer and men may die, but human thought, embodied in science and literature, goes marching on. Let us get back to enduring things—to our books.

THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

What To Do With Your Next Half-Crown

What a different future there would have been for hundreds of lives but for that seaside hospital C.N. readers know so well, the Little Folks Home at Bexhill!

Ethel is the name of our child hero this month. She was taken into the Queen's Hospital at Hackney with severe inflammation in a bone of the leg. Ethel, who is eleven, was seriously ill about six weeks, but after some operations and skilful medical attention she began slowly to recover. She stayed three months in hospital and was then sent to the Home at Bexhill, with the result that she is back at school now, strong and well, learning how to be a useful citizen instead of a helpless cripple.

The Little Folks Home sets many little ones on the right road, children who might otherwise be only a burden to others. How long the Home can continue the work it has carried on for more than 20 years depends on how far its friends can help it; £3500 is needed every year.

Any C.N. gift will be acknowledged in this paper and should be addressed to The Sunshine Lady, Queen's Hospital, Hackney Road, London, E.2. Send it your next half-crown.

THE CUBS OF BELLE VUE

Our statement that the Whipsnade tiger cubs were the first to be reared in England for 50 years was incorrect. Cubs have been reared in recent years at Belle Vue Zoo, Manchester.

PLAIN TALE FROM A NAZI CAMP

What Happened To a
German Boy

TOLD BY HIMSELF

This remarkable statement of life in a Nazi camp is written by a German boy who was sent there because he was found in a Jewish school. It is from the full account in The Times.

I was a pupil at the Agricultural School founded near Koenigswuesterhausen, in 1929, by the Jewish Agricultural Committee.

I am not a Jew but my family are poor, and as the pupils did not have to pay I was sent to study there. The Director was a Jew, and so were 30 of the 43 pupils. Our ages ran between 13 and 19. None of us cared about politics; we were only interested in animals and in making things grow.

Taken To Camp

About the middle of May some S.A. men came from the village to inspect the school. They soon decided that it would do nicely for quartering voluntary labour contingents. Nothing happened till June 20. I got up that morning at about 5.30 and went to fetch corn to feed the chickens. When I reached the house again I saw all my fellow-pupils and the staff standing in a line in front of a group of S.A. men. We were forced to climb into four lorries. We had to leave all our belongings behind. If we did not hurry we were beaten with iron and hard rubber cudgels.

We were taken to the concentration camp at Oranienburg, formerly an electricity works. We were shown a pile of straw and told to take as much of it as we needed for bedding. We then went into a large hall, which we were told was the place where in future we should sleep, eat, and generally live. Each was given a small cup of coffee and a piece of black bread, our first food for the day, and told to be careful not to complain.

In the Office

Next day the camp routine began for us. We had to get up at five in the morning and do two hours drill and military training. This consisted in instruction in handling rifles, taking cover during air raids, and preparing to meet gas attacks.

Soon after my arrival a Nazi asked me if I could use a typewriter. I replied that I could, and he took me to the commandant of the camp, Captain Krueger, who gave me a job in the office. Here I learned something about how the camp was run and had a chance of talking to some of the prominent prisoners, such as the managing director of the German Broadcasting Company, and the mayors of several of the smaller towns. I found there were about 2500 prisoners in the camp, of whom only 5 per cent were Jews. The rest were Communists, Social Democrats, and other political enemies of Hitlerism.

Prominent Prisoners

Prominent prisoners were punished more often than the others, but everybody had his full share of beating, especially when the Nazis came back late in the evening from the beer saloon. Then they would come into the great hall and beat some of the prisoners savagely. They would also scrub them brutally all over with black boot polish.

When prominent prisoners arrived they were questioned. The commandant asked them where papers or weapons belonging to Communists were hidden, and ordered them to answer quickly if they did not want to be "helped." "Help" meant beating. When Herr Braun, of the Broadcasting Company, came down from the commandant's room he had had such a bad time that his eyes were closed and he could hardly see. One of us boys asked him if he would like some water to bathe his eyes,

THE AIRWAY OF THE STORKS

Southward Ho!

A BIRD YOUNG AT 40

Where do the storks go in the winter-time and which way do they fly?

Germany is not the only country which is tracing the migrations of these great winged visitors, which are but rarely seen in our little island. Denmark has already done much valuable observation work. Since 1917 about 115,000 have been marked with a ring round the leg. Of the 800 ringed storks which left Denmark last August reports of nearly 400 have been received.

By means of the annual reports the route of the storks is traced fairly accurately, and it seems that after leaving Denmark they fly into Germany, passing through Brandenburg. Then they make their way to Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and across the Bosphorus to Asia Minor, but it is not yet known if they fly to Egypt through Palestine or across the Mediterranean.

A Sunny Spell

Once they reach Egypt the storks take the airway of their ancestors and travel down the Nile Valley, past the Great Lakes, eventually reaching Natal or the Cape, where they settle down for a sunny spell, having left winter more than 7000 miles behind them.

Somewhere about August 20 the storks leave Denmark and they usually arrive in their new quarters by the middle of October. Perhaps they look on Denmark as their real home, for they take about half the time to make the return journey.

Some of the chief dangers they meet with during their great adventure are high-tension cables, and many are killed by contact with them. All the same, many live to a good old age. One stork which returns regularly to Jutland has been recognised by a Danish bird-watcher, who says it is nearly 40 years old, and still apparently young and vigorous.

MRS ANNIE BESANT

End of a Remarkable Career

The death of Mrs Annie Besant, at her adopted home in Adhyar near Madras, deprives the world of a very remarkable figure.

While she was looked upon by Theosophists all the world over as their chief propagandist, India will remember her because of two definite services she rendered the Indian people. It is largely due to her influence that the cause of the education of girls has progressed so rapidly. Until she arrived on the Indian scene most of the education of Indian girls was in the hands of missionaries. She tried to rouse the Hindus toward this need, and as a result the Theosophist Society, which she established, opened up schools in various places. Now there are schools for girls all over the country.

Another great service she rendered to India was in encouraging the Boy Scouts. While Scouting was popular among Christians, the Hindus kept away from it because of the demand it made upon their scruples. It was Mrs Besant who took up the cause of the Scouts.

Many of the Scouts Mrs Besant enrolled spent their holidays in the villages, specially in the service of the Untouchables, and thousands of Untouchables were at the funeral.

Continued from the previous column

but he answered that he was afraid we should only get into trouble if we did anything for him and, in any case, he had "finished with life."

At last, on August 22, the commandant told us we had two minutes to leave the camp. I got a job as chauffeur to a lady who wanted to go to Switzerland, where my family were, and I was safe.

WORLD'S MOST PRESSING QUESTION

THE GRAVE CONFERENCE
AT GENEVA

Some Agreement Must Be
Reached on Disarmament

JUSTICE TO GERMANY

By a Political Correspondent

Never was a Conference more deeply fraught with anxiety than the Disarmament Conference at Geneva this month.

If a supreme tragedy is to be averted in the years to come mankind must decide in the near future to work toward peace and to emerge from those primitive instincts which have led to so much misery all over the world.

What is the chief factor in the world today? It is undoubtedly Fear. No nation wants war, though it may want to frighten its neighbour from fighting it. There is a better way, and our own country, with its Draft Convention, has shown it. But even our own Government has lacked vision and common sense. It has proposed that an International Commission should investigate the armaments of any nation suspected of secretly breaking its word—as if any nation meaning evil would permit such an inquiry to be made!

A Trade That Should Be Ended

The logical mind of the French has seized on the better idea of international investigation by the League as a solution of the problem, but insists that such inquiries should apply to all nations at regular intervals. America and Italy are in favour of this method as being fair all round. We are sorry that our own Ministers have shown reluctance about throwing all our weapons open for inspection. The idea that industrial secrets might be revealed is one of the excuses given, for which the only justification is that we rely on private manufacture rather more than other nations.

The private trade in armaments is the real obstacle to the slowing-down of the making of war materials.

Their shareholders and their workpeople have a vested interest in death.

The Immediate Problem

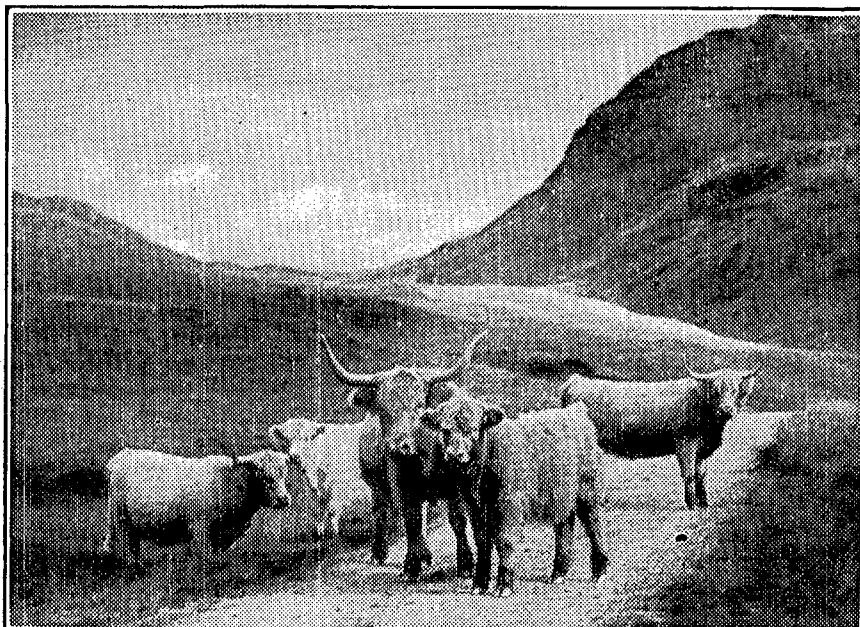
They are sources of danger rather than strength to any land, and the right thing to do is to make all our arsenals national. The private trade in making war is the most terrible danger before the world. It should be ended.

The immediate problem of the political world is to prevent Germany rearming in defiance of a world opinion which seeks peace. Germany must be made to see that her neighbours mean to keep their part of the Peace Treaty, even at this late hour, after breaking it so long. It may be that her injured pride, the pride of a new generation that was not responsible for the war, can thus be assuaged and the war spirit allayed. German youth should be brought back into civilised ways of life and thought before it is too late.

How Danger May Be Averted

It is time that Germany's old enemies made it clear without a hint of distrust that they mean to act justly toward Germany, whatever Herr Hitler may do to stir up the spirit of hate again. Only by some scheme of fair dealing can they eradicate the poison which has entered into her soul, sunk evidently too deep for her to remove it unaided. The German people have put their cause into the hands of leaders who have promised to lead them to better days. Herr Hitler's ways are not our ways, and neither can they succeed; but if the better days can be assured to Germany by the rest of Europe the danger can be averted. This is why the Disarmament Conference is of such vital importance.

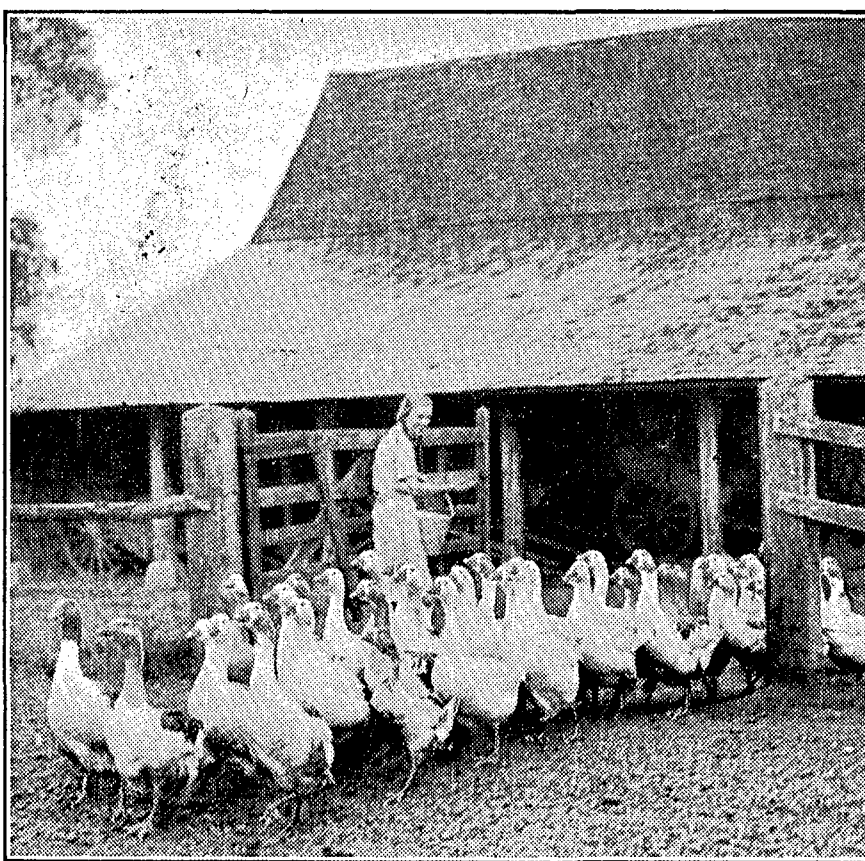
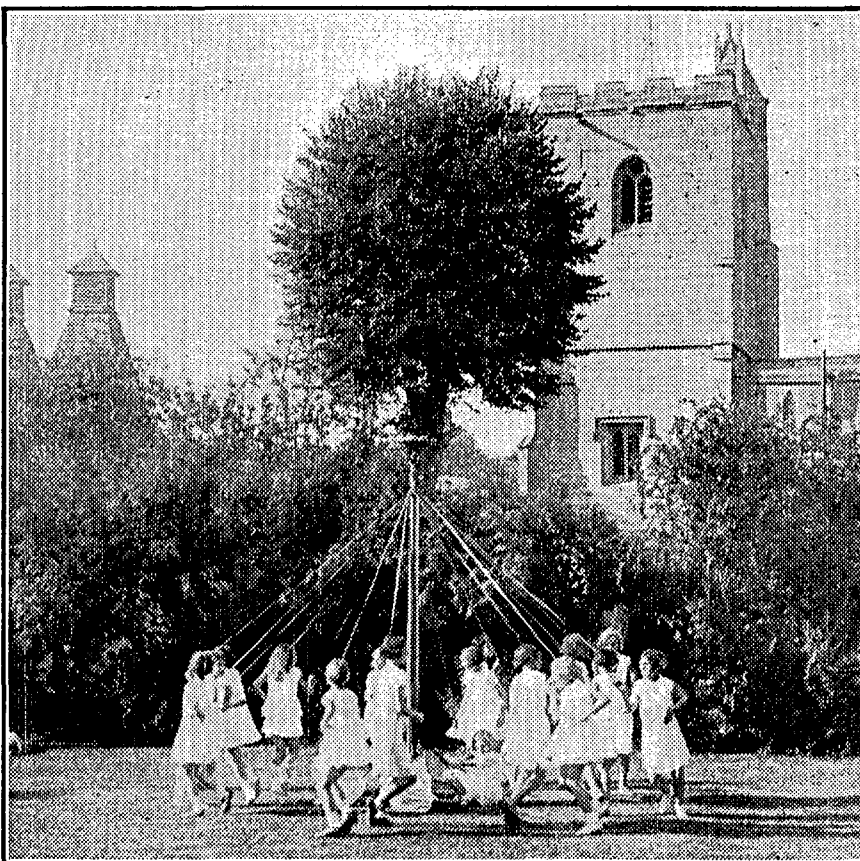
HIGHLAND CATTLE · A DUTCH CHEESE MARKET · PLASTER WHALE



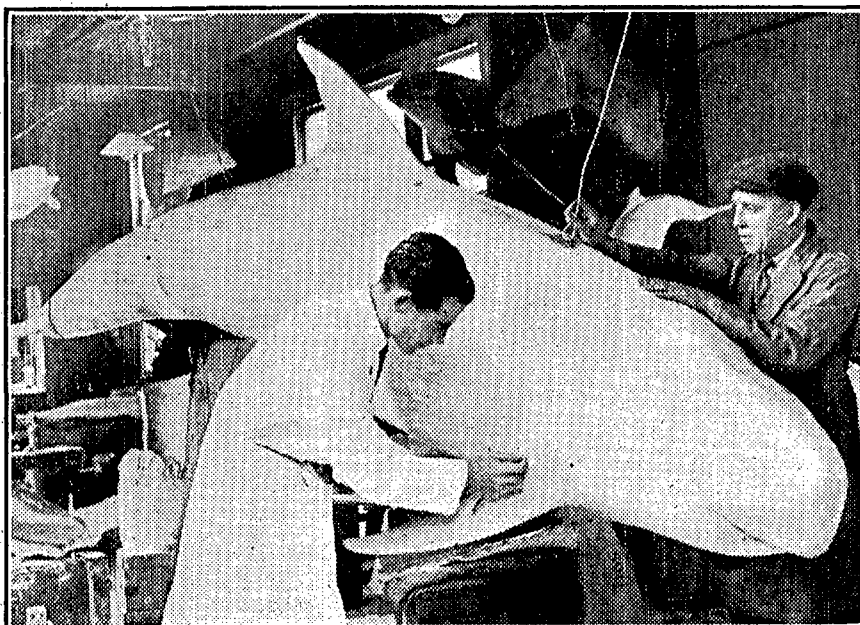
In a Scottish Glen—Highland cattle give a romantic aspect to this view of a Ross-shire glen, but a motorist might wish that they would not stray on the road.



An Old Salt's Yarn—Tales of adventures and voyages long ago enthrall these boys and girl as they listen to an old sailor on the beach at Leigh-on-Sea.



Rural Contrasts—Here are two scenes from the countryside. On the left are schoolgirls of East Hagbourne in Berkshire dancing round a maypole; and on the right is a fine flock of geese on a farm at Ingrave in Essex.



A Plaster Whale—To the exhibits in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington are to be added some plaster casts of Arctic whales. Here is one of them being made.



In a Cheese Market—This Dutch woman is boring a cheese in order to test its quality before buying in the famous cheese market at the town of Alkmaar.

QUEEN ELIZABETH COMES TO TOWN

PANOPLIED WITH JEWELS

Something To See At the National Portrait Gallery

THE GREAT DILLON BEQUEST

Lord Dillon and Queen Elizabeth have come to town, with rooms next to each other at the National Portrait Gallery.

These two, who loved England so dearly in their different ways, are united by the golden thread of art. One of them made pictures and history wherever she went; the other, who only died last year, studied pictures and history wherever he went and gave no less than eight great historical portraits to the nation.

These eight, called the Dillon Bequest, are shown in one room; in the other are eight portraits of Elizabeth.

Alone in the World

The pictorial connection between the two houses began on an autumn day 441 years ago, when the Queen went to stay with Sir Henry Lee, ancestor of Lord Dillon, at Ditchley in Oxfordshire. Sir Henry was just three years her senior. A portrait of him as a young man hangs next to the huge picture of the Queen, which was painted in commemoration of her visit to Oxfordshire.

The picture of Elizabeth, which dominates the Dillon Room, is one of the greatest gifts of its kind to England from any Englishman. There is one version of it in the Pitti Palace, another at Burghley. It shows the Queen alone in the world, standing on the globe with the sky behind her, the map so arranged that her heels are well set down in Oxford soil.

Her dress is so stiff and gorgeous and so panoplied with jewels that it would have stood just the same if Elizabeth had stepped out of it. The painter, whose name is forgotten, made the face as old as he dared. Elizabeth was then nearing her sixtieth birthday, but she would never look her age.

The Keen, Dominant Face

What we see most of all in this huge canvas is the keen, dominant face surmounting and overpowering by its ruthless strength all those mountains of finery. Here is the Elizabeth who pounded her Council table shouting "No war, my lords, no war!"

If only there had been a portrait showing Elizabeth laughing as she must have laughed, head back, like Franz Hals's Laughing Cavalier!

There is one Elizabeth among these with sadder eyes than the rest, and that reminds us of the poignant glimpse of the lonely, heart-sore woman who remained unmarried for England's sake.

In the Dillon Room there are six more paintings that are of great interest, pictorially and historically, and there are two representations of Lord Dillon himself—a gallant head with long moustache and Van Dyke beard—who looks as if he had laughed a lot, and been very kind.

Poor Catharine of Braganza

Opposite the tremendous Elizabeth is another queen, poor little Catharine of Braganza, painted by Dirk Stoop in the Portuguese costume she wore when she landed in England in 1662. She was the forlorn and neglected wife of Charles the Second.

Then there are four men beside Sir Henry Lee—Henry, brother of Charles the Second; Charles the First, very young and weighted with garments of State; Sir Philip Sidney, gentle, pen-sive, with a waist like a wasp above those absurd brocade breeches; and by him is the strong face of Archbishop Warham, who had his share of tumult and died the year before Elizabeth was born.

WHY DO THINGS HAPPEN?

We have received hundreds of questions which children would like to have answered. They have come from schools in all parts of the country. Here is the third group of answers.

Why Does a Nettle Sting?

The common nettle has stinging hairs with poison glands containing formic acid at the root of each hair. When we touch a nettle the fine point of the hair enters our skin and breaks off, so allowing the acid fluid to flow in under the skin, where it irritates sharply the surface tissues. Apparently the nettle has evolved this method of protecting its leaves against grazing animals.

How Does the Sun Keep Us Warm?

The simple answer is that the Sun is a huge mass of flame, over a million times bigger than the Earth, and the flame gives out heat, heat so great that it scorches us 92 million miles away.

If the Sun were made of pure coal, or even of radium, it would have burned out long ago and there would now be no life on the Earth. The only explanation that fits, according to Sir James Jeans, is that the Sun has the secret of breaking-up its atoms.

Many scientists have been working hard at the problem of breaking-up the atom, for they know that inside the atom is a tremendous store of energy; but so far they have failed.

If we could break up the atoms in an ounce of coal the energy released would be more than enough to run all the railways, all the factories, motor-cars, and trams, and light all the lamps and fires throughout the British Isles for a whole day. The Sun must have that secret, so that it can go on giving out its fierce heat for millions upon millions of years.

Why Do We Sleep?

Of course we sleep because we are tired and the body needs rest. But that is only a small part of the answer. We get periods of rest during the day, sitting down, doing something easy after something hard, and then we can go on again refreshed. But there comes a time when small rests are not enough, and we feel we must sleep. How do we do it?

A child asleep is nearly completely unconscious. The brain gives up all but its automatic activities, such as controlling breathing, heart beating, and so on, and even these are slowed down.

It is believed that when the time for sleep and the opportunity come the part of the mind which we call the unconscious mind (the unthinking part) stops the many activities of the brain and nervous centres. Then the muscles will not keep us upright; it is hard to walk or run about; our eyes will not keep open, and so on, until, comfortably in bed, we stop talking and even thinking, and become unconscious. We have gone to sleep.

What Makes Soap Remove Dirt?

It used to be said it was the alkali in the soap that removed dirt, but since modern science has turned its attention to everyday matters we find that the behaviour of soap gives us an insight into the behaviour of the molecules, those particles which are too small to be seen even through the most powerful microscope.

When the chemist experiments with soap he finds that in each molecule there are two groups of atoms—one group which mixes easily with water and one that, like paraffin, will not mix with water but will do so readily with oil and grease. So when we wash we provide the water for the first group to mix with, while the atoms of grease and dirt on our hands mix with the second, the paraffin group.

But as both groups of atoms are in one molecule of soap and cannot separate themselves, the molecules of grease and dirt are taken up into the water and mix in what is called an emulsion. The emulsion of dirt and water is what is left in the basin when our hands are clean.

IN BONDAGE IN EGYPT

Fate of Old War Horses

500 APPEALS TO C.N. HEARTS

Although 19 years have passed since the war began we are constantly coming upon some new aspect of the terrible effects of Armageddon.

One of these is the tragic fate of old war horses in Egypt. Few people know that after the Armistice more than 22,000 horses and mules were sold in that country by our Government. Their sufferings can scarcely be realised by people living in green countries.

Overwork, pain, and constant starvation, because of the poverty of their owners, have been the lot of these luckless horses, which were abandoned to strangers in a strange land instead of being taken back to the happy homes in England which they had left to help us in the war.

Two years ago the Old War Horse Fund Committee was formed in Cairo, and the response to the appeals made in England and the Colonies was so generous that it has been possible to trace and buy 2000 of our old horses and mules. All of these have been given a short span of peace and plenty before being humanely destroyed.

Pitiful Cases

There were hundreds of pitiful cases. One horse was tied all day to a revolving water-wheel and was in such pain that it could hardly stand. Others were worked in the quarries or during the night to escape interference from the police.

At first it seemed almost a hopeless task to trace the survivors, but news that the committee were buying and that they were giving good prices for the old animals spread all over Egypt. Although it was believed last summer that only about 500 still survived the committee have already bought over 900. There are about 500 now left. Day in and day out (there are for them no Sundays) these poor creatures toil in overladen buses, in overladen carts, over roads so heavy with sand that every step is an effort, and where the driver's whip is never still.

Funds are so low that it may be impossible to carry on the campaign after Christmas, yet the committee are desperately trying not to leave a single old friend behind in Egypt. Any C.N. friend wanting to help may send a mite to Lloyds Bank, Old War Horse Fund, Fleet, Hants.

Picture on page 7

PLANES MORE LIKE BIRDS

Wheels Drawn Into the Wings

The aeroplane engineer has at last succeeded in solving the problem of the air resistance by the wheels an aeroplane carries below it, and it now becomes possible to make a great saving of fuel and an increase of speed.

Fitted to the machine is a hydraulic device controlled from the cockpit whereby the wheels can be drawn up almost entirely into sockets in the wings. No bird allows its legs to hang down when in flight; even the stork completely folds its long legs under its body.

The first aeroplane to make use of this invention in this country is the Airspeed Courier, but the new Fokkers are flying like birds.

Red and green lights on the dashboard show the pilot in what position his landing wheels are, so that accidents should not happen; while on a perfectly flat aerodrome a machine could land safely owing to the slight projection of the wheels below the wing recesses.

The new birds of the air will certainly look graceful as they skim over our heads, and it will be evident when they intend to land.

A FARM BOY'S IDEA

HOW THE REAPING MACHINE BEGAN

A Hundred Years Ago Somewhere in Virginia

GREAT EXHIBIT AT CHICAGO

Somewhere in Virginia in the United States there stands today a small farmhouse and not far from it a little old forge, both of which stood there a hundred years and more ago.

In this village blacksmith's workshop the very first machine for cutting corn was put together by a young man of 22.

This young man, Cyrus Hall McCormick, lived with his parents and brothers and sisters on a little farm. For some time the father had been striving without success to invent a mechanical reaper. One day his son asked for permission to try an idea of his own. For this, however, one or two heavy iron bars, of a kind not to be had in the district, were needed, and to fetch them meant a ride of fifty miles over the mountains. Mounted on a pony, young McCormick went, returning with his iron bars and setting to work with the help of the village blacksmith.

Riding With Iron Bars

In only six weeks time an actual corn-cutting machine had been built, which could cut eight or ten acres a day (now a direct descendant of this machine can cut from forty to fifty), and in July, 1831, a public test was held in Virginia, people gathering about the cornfield and cheering as the horse drew the machine down the centre, leaving the cut corn in its wake.

Almost immediately from round the countryside came requests for machines, and again across the mountains rode the young inventor, carrying back his iron bars for fifty miles (only being able to manage two at a time) and putting machine after machine together with the blacksmith's help.

At the Exhibition

After much hard work, strenuous saving, and dogged perseverance the first McCormick factory was built in Chicago in 1847, when the great city was little more than an unclaimed marsh.

From that moment orders and money began to pour in, and young McCormick and his brothers, all of whom came from their country farm to help, found themselves in an amazingly short time possessed of a flourishing business and becoming wealthy men.

Today at the great Exhibition in Chicago the main erection is the enormous agricultural building of the International Harvester Company, as the business is now called.

There can be seen the first reaper (or an exact model), the harvest thresher, twine binder, four-row cultivator, and corn-picker (a machine which picks up the ears, removes the husks, and lifts the ears into a wagon); with seeding machines, cotton-pickers, and many other agricultural servants of man made by the Virginian pioneer and his descendants.

Monarch of the Harvest

The exhibit includes a demonstration field where the "mighty monarch of the harvest fields," the latest thresher, may be seen at work.

Not long ago a friend of the C.N. was privileged to go over one of the harvester factories now existing, and to know the McCormick family, who have been great benefactors to Chicago. The original inventor's son has erected orphanages and beautiful clubs for workgirls to live in, and has endowed churches. He is proud to speak of the tiny homestead where his father was born and lived as a boy a hundred years and more ago, when men furrowed the fields, walking weary miles behind hand-ploughs.

VENUS AND MARS IN THE SUNSET SKY Our World Seen as a Morning Star THE SWINGING MOON

By the C.N. Astronomer

The spectacle of the planets Venus and Mars in close proximity may be seen next Saturday, October 14.

They will appear low in the south-west sky some way to the left of where the Sun has set, Venus being below Mars and rather more than twice the Moon's apparent width away. Venus and Mars will be at their nearest together about midday, but will not then be observable without telescopic aid.

As both Mars and Venus set about an hour and a half after the Sun there will be little time for observation, between 5.30 and 6.45 offering the best opportunity. Venus will be found long before Mars because she is so much brighter; Mars, being so far away from us, will not be perceptible till the twilight deepens.

Venus is really nearer to us than to Mars, being about 90 million miles away, whereas Mars is about 186 million miles away. While Venus is rapidly approaching us Mars is gradually receding, and before long will be lost in the sunset glow; for he is now getting far beyond the Sun. In a few weeks he will be gone, and we shall not see him in the evening sky for two years. On his next visit he



The Earth and Moon in the sky of Venus

will appear brighter than he has done this year, for then his orbit will bring him closer to the Earth.

Venus will be the glory of the evening sky all through the winter months, gradually rising to a higher altitude and greater brilliance as she rushes toward our world at the rate of 22 miles a second. Venus would reach the Earth in between six and seven weeks were it not that our world is speeding away from her at 18½ miles a second, and also for the fact that she is fortunately tied to her celestial track by the Sun's gravitational pull.

Just now the Earth appears as a beautiful Morning Star in the sky of Venus, shining about as bright, for our world is only a trifle larger than Venus, with a diameter of 7927 miles compared with 7600; and as each world is exhibiting to the other nearly the same proportion of illuminated surface (that of Venus being slightly brighter though a little smaller) their radiance cannot be far from equal at the present time, each planet appearing gibbous as seen from the other.

A Celestial Clock

There is one great difference, however, for the Earth has a companion while Venus has not, the Moon providing a periodical series of different positions relative to the Earth which would make them serve as a celestial clock as seen from Venus.

With precise regularity the inhabitants of Venus, if there are any, would see the smaller star (the Moon) pass from side to side of the larger one (the Earth) in a fortnightly swing, like an illuminated stellar pendulum, never ceasing all the time that the Earth was visible; the Moon alternately passing above or below the Earth, and occasionally in front or behind, when the two stars would appear to come together.

Their greatest apparent distance apart would amount to about the width the Moon appears to us; this would occur when Earth and Moon were at their nearest to Venus.

G. F. M.

SCHOOL AND SONG Two Peeps of Little Switzerland FREEDOM AT LESSONS AND MUSIC IN THE KITCHEN

From a Switzerland Correspondent

Few people appreciate education more than the Swiss.

The schoolhouse is often the finest building in a village, and the children must not only spend nine years in its airy and pleasant classrooms, but every boy and girl must devote another three years to the study of some art or craft which will fit each one to earn his or her living as a satisfactory Swiss citizen.

Switzerland gives all this free to all its children, so there is no need for private schools. Rich and poor share the same teachers and realise early that "Every Swiss is equal before God and the law," as their constitution proudly proclaims.

We have just visited a fine new primary school in Spiez. There is no permanent headmaster, all professors seeming to be on an equal footing, one of them taking the headship each year.

A Well-Equipped School

The classrooms are large, light, and airy. In the corridors are numbered pegs for each satchel and cap, with holes in stands for each umbrella; and there is perfect sanitation, with shower-baths, and dining accommodation for poor children or those living too far away to go home for dinner. There are flowers on every balcony, and libraries with all necessary books. All is free.

Work and song form the Swiss character. We had longed to assist at a Swiss school singing class ever since, many years ago in Locarno, we heard the sound of charming part-songs coming from the kitchen quarters of our pension and were told by the lady of the house that, as her maids were not very fond of washing up, her cook, a musical fellow, had formed a washing-up brigade who, under his leadership, sang their old school part-songs while they washed up and so forgot about the dirty plates.

Although not in that day's programme the young master who showed us the school arranged a class of some forty girls. There was no musical instrument of any sort. He was evidently very musical and taught the children to sound the notes from the blackboard and by a wonderful series of signs from his hand.

The result was amazing. After several testing exercises the children sang, in German and Italian, their delightful folk-songs without one false note.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES

Not many years ago a man took a pig up with him in an aeroplane, just to show that the saying "pigs might fly" was not an impossible one.

There is a proverb about people who live in glass houses, saying that they should not throw stones. But nobody would have thought that houses would ever be built of glass!

A building a hundred feet high is on show in Chicago, built entirely of glass bricks, and so useful has the glass brick shown itself to be that there is a possibility of its being adopted on a very large scale.

The glass brick is six sided like an ordinary brick, is slightly hollow, and can be laid by any ordinary mason. The walls of the glass house are not transparent, but translucent. A pleasant glow of light from outside fills the house in daytime, while the air spaces in the bricks make an effective heat insulator, which keeps the house warm in winter and cool in summer.

The bricks are being made in coloured glass as well as white, and lend themselves to many new ideas in architecture.

WOODPECKERS WHO WOULD PECK WOOD NEW ARRIVALS VERY MUCH AT HOME

Special Lighting For Delicate
Humming-Birds

WHEN BEDTIME COMES

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo's birds are usually models of good behaviour, but two young greater-spotted woodpeckers, presented to the menagerie a year ago, have been so active that they have made themselves responsible for what is really a record amount of damage.

These two birds were found in a hole in a felled tree, and as they were only chicks when they arrived at the Zoo special arrangements were made to make them feel at home. They were provided with a fair-sized aviary furnished with a stout tree trunk, and the wooden partition at the back of their den was covered with a layer of cork bark.

Hardworking Birds

However, the woodpeckers needed little encouragement to make them behave naturally. Within a few weeks of their arrival they had pecked the bark at the back of their cage into a network of holes, and have gone on pecking ever since at every bit of wood in their den.

The bark has been renewed more than once in the last six months, as well as the woodwork supporting the wires which separate the birds from the next aviary. They pecked it into splinters, and were making their way through to their next-door neighbour! A small window on the opposite side of their cage is now edged with zinc, for though the window was covered with wires they managed to peck through the wire until the glass became loose. They have also loosened the foundations of the wires in front of their aviary, and the tree trunk has so many big holes in it that it may break in two at any moment.

The collection of humming-birds which was established recently is so successful that the Zoo has made arrangements to acquire another 20 specimens of these exquisite little birds.

Beating Wings

This is the first time the Zoo has had such an exhibition of humming-birds, and though the tiny creatures have never before thrived in the menagerie they are all doing extremely well. They are now so tame that they can be fed by hand, and anyone who enters the cage holding a little feeding-bottle filled with honey and water is at once surrounded. The noise made by the beating of their wings is quite remarkable, and the draught they create might come from an electric fan.

Arrangements have been made for the wellbeing of the birds during the sunless days ahead, when their cage will have to be illuminated. Unless they have settled on plants for their night's rest they will die in the night, and so, before the cage is plunged into darkness, care has to be taken that none of the birds is still on the wing or on the ground.

A dimmed light has been placed in their cage, and on dark days the ordinary electric light will be turned off and the dimmed lamp will take its place shortly before closing-time to make the birds realise it is time for them to roost.

600,000 CASES

The Dreyfus case, involving one Jew, convulsed the whole of France, yet in Germany today we have 600,000 Dreyfus cases and nobody has done anything about it.

We have the negation of Christ and the affirmation of Odin, and no one says a word. There should have been declarations by France, America, and Britain that those who trample liberty underfoot cannot expect our goodwill.

Mr Wickham Steed



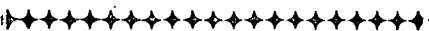
HOVIS at breakfast
Starts the day right
Helps to sustain you
Till last thing at night

HOVIS

EVERY DAY

The First Rule of
Health

Macclesfield



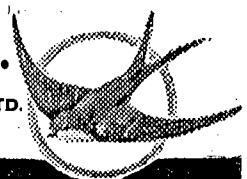
Just one more!

Who could stop at **one**
Blue Bird Toffee? Cer-
tainly not Ann! Nor will
you want to, once you
have tasted these really
Pure and Wholesome
sweets. Buy some to-day.

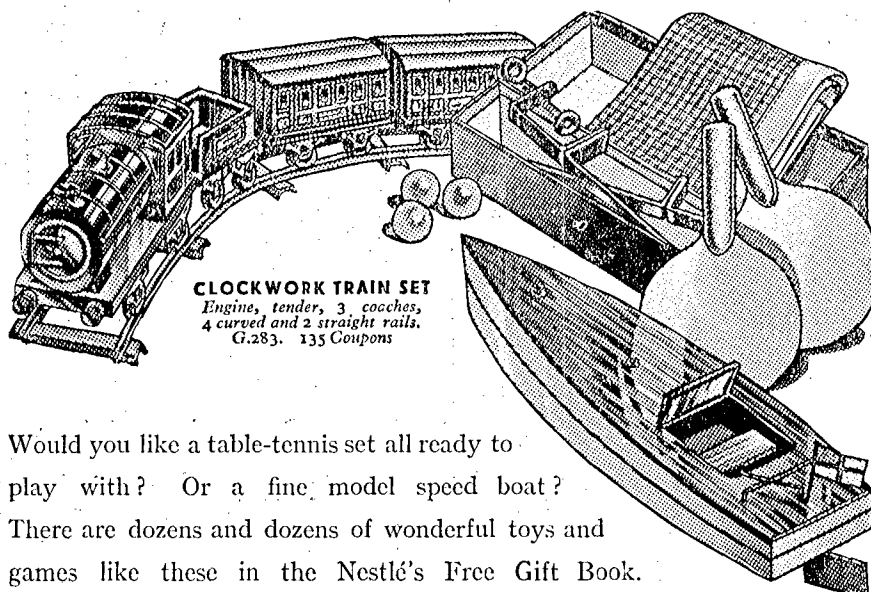
BLUE BIRD TOFFEES

4^D per ¼ lb.

HARRY VINCENT LTD.
Hunnington,
Worcestershire.



Toys and games—FREE



CLOCKWORK TRAIN SET
Engine, tender, 3 coaches,
4 curved and 2 straight rails.
G.283. 135 Coupons

TABLE TENNIS
2 bats, 4 balls, net and
metal supports.
G.292. 110 Coupons

SPEED BOAT
21" long. Beam 4".
G.285. 200 Coupons

Would you like a table-tennis set all ready to play with? Or a fine model speed boat? There are dozens and dozens of wonderful toys and games like these in the Nestlé's Free Gift Book. Yours simply for eating the nicest of chocolate—a free gift coupon goes with all the wrapped varieties from the 2d. upwards! Send for your copy of Nestlé's Free Gift Book and voucher for Five Free Coupons—now!

NESTLÉ'S chocolate

**FIVE
COUPONS
FREE**

To Nestlé's (Gift Dept.), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8.
Please send me Nestlé's Free Gift Book and Voucher for 5 FREE COUPONS

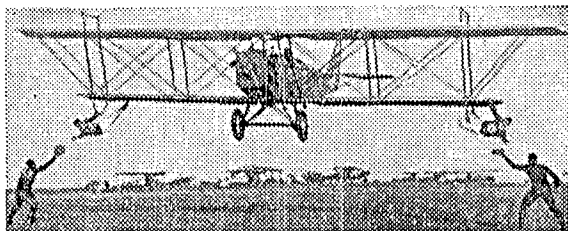
55/7.10.33

NAME.....
(IN BLOCK CAPITALS)

Address.....

This offer applies only to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

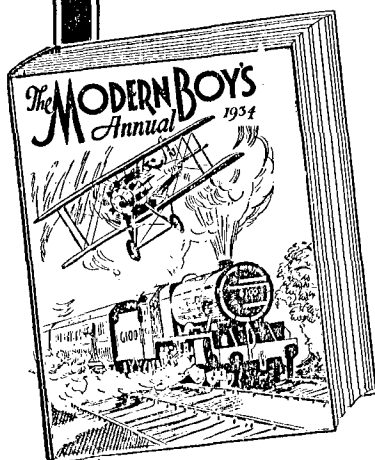
Ad. stamp if envelope is unsealed



AIRMEN ACROBATS!

The acrobats hanging from the lower wing-tips of this plane are about to grab caps held out for them by men on the ground—a daring feat calling for nerves of steel. Read about the other startling stunts these airmen perform in the 1934 MODERN BOY'S ANNUAL, the Annual that is *different*. This splendid book contains articles on the subjects a boy likes best to read

about—railways, aeroplanes, motor-cars and motor-cycles, the films, and so on—and there are also Three Long Adventure stories, two coloured plates, and very numerous photos.



MODERN BOY'S ANNUAL

Now on Sale at all Newsagents - - - 6/-

TWO OLD STAMPS

How They Made a Woman Rich

Two old stamps have made a rich woman of a lady clerk in Frankfort-on-the-Main who a few years before had lost her work in a chemical factory and had since been suffering the sad lot of the unemployed.

By chance an acquaintance discovered among her grandfather's old papers two rare stamps from British Guiana bearing the date 1850. He immediately took them to Paris, where it was established that they were in truth two exceedingly well-preserved specimens of a stamp so rare nowadays that only ten of the kind are known. Not long ago 110,000 francs were paid for a much poorer specimen.

The rest was easy. Half a day's excited interchange of cables between Paris, London, New York, and Frankfort resulted in the stamps being sold, and the penniless clerk found herself the thrilled possessor of a fortune.

FLOWERS TO THE BRAVE

This story is a pleasant example of simple courtesy on the part of a British Government department toward a private individual of another nation.

It also shows that brave Englishmen pay tribute to bravery wherever they find it, even in a foe.

A German lady, Baroness von Richthofen, the mother of a famous German flying ace killed in the war, has established a Richthofen Museum in memory of him.

She heard that a cinematograph picture had been shown in Stockholm in 1918 recording how a squadron of British aviators dropped flowers from the air at the funeral of their brave adversary, her son. What a treasure that film would be for her museum!

She wrote to the Swedish film company, but the film was not in Sweden. The London representative of the company was asked to try to locate it, and finally he found it—in the archives of the British military authorities. They at once consented to let the baroness have a copy, thus helping her to complete her collection of mementoes of her famous son.

A REAL FLYING-SQUAD

There is something fascinating about a rookery, and many people have felt pleased and honoured that the rooks have chosen to build in their trees.

But the owner of a house near Bantry, in Ireland, is particularly pleased with his rooks, for they have saved a chick for him.

A hawk had seized this chick from the yard, and was flying over the tree-tops with it when the rooks came at him like a flying-squad of police.

In its hurry to get away the hawk dropped the chick, which landed in the grass and was returned unharmed to its flustered mother.

BEE NEWS

Fresh discoveries about the life of the bee are made almost every day.

At the Beekeeper's convention not long ago Mrs Illingworth of Hertfordshire described the results of recent researches in regard to bee language and colour sense.

Bees, apparently, use a sort of deaf and dumb alphabet, and when a bee finds a place where there is plenty of honey to be gathered it returns to the hive and by dancing it tells the others of its discovery. If they do not follow immediately it opens a scent gland on its back and wafts the perfume in such a way that they may find it.

Leicester has a Five Year Plan for wiping out all her slums.

A Coventry boy just taken to the sea for the first time ran straight into it with his clothes on.

DO UP YOUR OWN CLUB

More Idle Men Find Work A FEW C.N. HALF-CROWNS WANTED

There is a happier outlook for our unemployed this winter.

So greatly has the spirit of the times changed that almost everywhere the bitter thought that nobody cares has disappeared.

In London a Build-It-Yourself Club has been opened by St John's Church near Waterloo. It was started, not as a fully-equipped clubhouse, but as an empty house badly in need of repair. Every man who joins the club is expected to do his bit, according to his trade, to help to turn the house into comfortable club rooms.

Mr Potts, the out-of-work painter, will soon be in his element, for there is much to be done in the way of painting and distemping. Carpenters and electric-light men will also find their services in request. At present the work is not going well because of the need for paint, wallpaper, and carpenter's tools, and contributions in money or kind will be gladly received by the rector of St John's.

When the club is open unemployed men will have opportunities of learning various trades and crafts, so that skilled men will be able to keep their hand in with benchwork and learn new crafts to give them more chances of future employment. There will be a canteen and all kinds of recreation.

NAPOLÉON'S RIDE TO RUIN

A famous picture has led the world to believe that Napoleon led his troops to Moscow and back sitting on a white charger.

Instead, a newly-published book informs us, he sat in his carriage arguing with the French Ambassador to Russia, who had begged him not to make war, and warned him of the terrible result.

The memoirs of General de Caulaincourt, the ambassador, have just been published for the first time.

Every time there was a gleam of sun that autumn the Emperor said:

"Here's the terrible Russian winter that M. de Caulaincourt frightens the children with!"

On and on they went. Surely it was the worst ride in history.

The ambassador's brother was killed. Cities were fired before them. Ice covered the ground so that the horses fell. There were neither bandages nor provisions enough. Men died of cold and neglect on the roadside. Still De Caulaincourt had to sit in Napoleon's carriage listening to a man who would not believe he could be wrong.

A ride to the guillotine could have been no worse, and all the world knows how it ended.

WHO WAS KEPLER?

Born Weil, Germany, December 27, 1571
Died Ratisbon, November 15, 1630.

Johann Kepler was the son of poor gentlefolk, and himself scarcely ever free from domestic worries. His first appointment was that of mathematical lecturer at Gratz, he not having as yet taken any interest in astronomy. Fortunately he was brought into communication with Tycho Brahe, who directed his studies to the work with which he was to immortalise himself. After labouring for some time with Tycho, Kepler succeeded him as astronomer to the Emperor Rudolf; and at the death of the older man inherited his vast store of facts, as he had benefited by all that he had learned from him.

The publication of his famous astronomical laws formed the basis of Newton's work, and the foundation of modern astronomy.

October 7, 1933

The Children's Newspaper

13

THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

The men on the brig were fighting desperately for life.

The hurricane that had come so suddenly shrieking across the ocean was threatening to dash them against the rocks.

At four o'clock in the morning the ship struck; but it was nearly dawn before the men on the beach were able to put out a boat.

CHAPTER 5

Paul at the Tiller

WHEN they had pushed the boat down and had got her into the water and were clambering aboard Paul made a spring for the tiller. Whereupon with an anxious cry old Cyrus thrust aft.

"Nay, Master Paul, this be mortal peril!" he uttered. "Tis no for the likes of 'ee. Bide 'ee on the beach, laddie!"

And he tried to pull Paul away.

Paul released himself from the faithful old serving-man's hold.

"That won't do, Cyrus! You'll need four to manage!" he answered.

And Michael shouted, "He's right, Cyrus. Leave the lad be!"

So out they pulled in the teeth of the breakers.

Paul's job was gigantic. He had to keep the little boat's nose to the seas, which buffeted her and tossed her about like a cork.

One moment swung dizzily up to a height that seemed monstrous, the next moment plunging down to incredible depths, where the sea surrounded them with tumultuous walls which always seemed about to burst and engulf them, presently Paul felt himself turning sick; his head was swimming, and his heart had come into his mouth in mortal alarm lest his grip should give, his fingers lose hold, or his strained and straining arms be wrenched from their sockets!

Then, perhaps just in time, Paul glanced at the others.

He saw Esther's father, braced like a rock to his work. And, behind Michael, Paul saw old Cyrus, grim and unflinching; with the innkeeper beyond them, hunched in the bows, his life-line in his right hand ready for flinging, and never lifting his searching gaze from the waters.

The sight steadied Paul instantly.

For he realised that these men were trusting their lives to him. Come what might, he must not let them down.

But for all his life long he was to remember that fight at the tiller against all the rage and fury of storm and sea. He was never to remember every particular, for these came and passed with the haziness of a nightmare, in which he was conscious that it was touch and go with the boat, that more than once they had nearly been overturned, that his temples throbbed and the driving salt scalded his eyes.

He remembered, too, how when they had come within hail of the raft Michael's words of command kept breaking through into his consciousness, so that immediately and instinctively he obeyed them. And his mind retained some picture, dim and confused, of the rescued men being finally hauled through the water and got with exceeding difficulty into the boat.

But the strain had told. Though Paul's grip on the tiller never failed them on the way back he recalled little or nothing of their return to the shore. The man they had saved was carried off to the inn and put first into a boiling hot bath, then to bed. He revived sufficiently as they put him to bed to disclose himself as the captain of the lost vessel.

In the meanwhile those on the beach had been playing their glasses for traces of the ninth man swept clear of the ledge. It was thought that, as had happened in such cases before, he might have actually been tossed across to the Grimballs, and have there secured a firm footing beyond the sea's reach or be clinging precariously to some spur. The chance was of the flimsiest; but it existed.

So they waited and watched still.

Then presently Seth Hambly's son came down from the inn, to bring them further word of the man they had rescued. He had found his voice again, and wished it known that his brig had been carrying a passenger. The lad glanced cautiously to his right and left.

"I asked him," he said in a whisper, "who his passenger be and where he be bound?" He dropped his voice still lower. "The captain told me that the man was a stranger to him. Middle-aged, he said. He had taken passage for Spain."

"Then he didn't know the man's name," murmured Michael Porthgarra.

"Aye, sure he did. He said his name was Trevoose."

"Well, there be more Trevooses than one in Cornwall," said Michael.

But nevertheless they kept these tidings from Paul.

For while there was life there was hope. Against all calculation one life had already been saved; was it not possible that the sea would spare them another?

They were thinking of the man who might be on the Grimballs.

And as at length the broad light of day began to return, and the seas to moderate visibly every moment, a roar of thanksgiving went up from the beach, because miraculously, yet even as they had been hoping, their glasses picked out a figure upon the rock.

It was that of a man sprawled out on one of the shelves—but a shelf too high and too inaccessible to be climbed.

So, supposing that the seas should abate enough presently to permit them to take the boat into that deadly channel and to keep her afloat while they tried to bring the man off, there was only one way to reach him, and that by a line, the which he must lash round his waist and then leap for his life. But, again, the only way to get a line up to him was by means of a rocket.

Michael Porthgarra was feeling no joy in the job, but as the great peril to all concerned would have to be risked as soon as the sea and wind had been given more time he went about his preparations quite coolly.

He sent Paul, the fastest runner they had in the cove, to St Tregärthen for further aid and the rocket appliance, while he himself and Hambly were snatching some rest to restore the vigour they would need for the boat.

When Paul returned with the rocket gear and a couple of fishermen Seth and Michael were testing the life-lines and choosing the stoutest.

Paul, who had shed his oilskins, of course, for his errand, was dripping with moisture from every pore of his body. He clamoured to accompany them and see it through. But they insisted on his going back to Carn Dolphin. They told him that he had already done more than his share. They told him that the newcomers would help with the boat. They told him that he must get at once into dry clothes. But they did not tell him the reason which chiefly inspired them. There would be time enough for that if their worst fears should be realised.

CHAPTER 6

Out of the Sea

HE went to Carn Dolphin. He would change and dash speedily back.

But his intention was stayed by Hannah Craze, whom he found in the kitchen, sitting very still in her hard, high-back chair by the hearth, with her shrunken old hands in her lap and tears on her cheeks.

This stopped him as he was passing her. His own fears rushed back at him; with the recollection of Michael's whisper last night in the roadway, which all his exertions had only stilled for the time being.

"Hannah," he said huskily, "tell me the truth, Hannah. You've been lending a hand at the inn. Did you hear where that vessel was bound for?"

Old Hannah was staring straight in front of her, mutely. She did not look round. But her head inclined. That was all.

"Oh, Hannah, do speak! Was my father aboard her? Do look at me!"

Her trembling lips moved.

"Nay, Master Paul," she was beginning, when suddenly one of her hands came out to him, fluttering, then closed on his and drew him close to her chair. "There, laddie!" she said in a broken voice, "there! Don't take on, laddie."

Her hand was fondling his hand now, her eyes were endeavouring to comfort him.

Paul's question was answered.

He did not return to the beach. He was best by himself.

Later in the day he heard what had happened.

They had reached the Grimballs and at last, after much desperate handling, had worked the tossing boat into the channel and adjusted their gear.

The first rocket fired had carried the line to the shelf, but immediately it had fallen back into the sea before the enfeebled man could get more than his fingers to it. They had fired a second rocket, but it fell short. At the third attempt the line had reached the man cleanly, his exhaustion being so extreme that he staggered and fumbled.

Continued on the next page

I've been eating your Golden Shred



Have some
'Golden Shred'
it's the World's Best Marmalade
says Beauty to the Beast



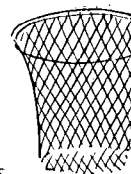
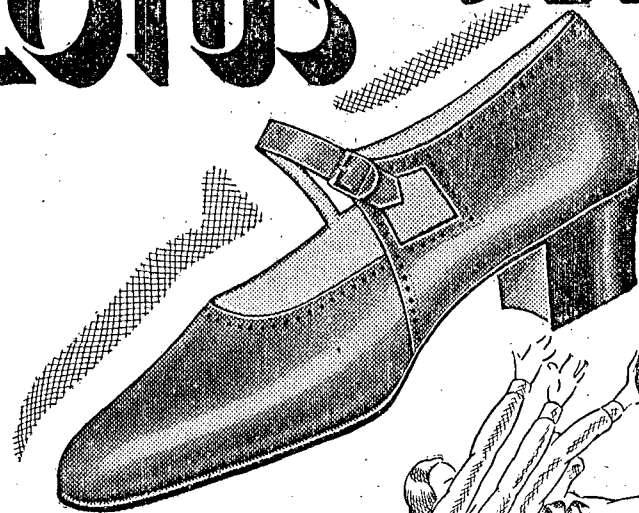
FREE

A beautiful Gollywog Mascot Brooch. Richly enamelled in brilliant colours. His trousers are red, his waistcoat yellow and his jacket royal blue. All children love him. Send one wrapper from 'Golden Shred' Orange Marmalade, one from 'Silver Shred' Lemon Marmalade, and one from Robertson's Bramble Jelly, with your name and address to the 'Golden Shred' Works, Dept. 40, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol, or London, S.E.6—whichever town is nearest to you.

6/9
R5

says Beauty to the Beast

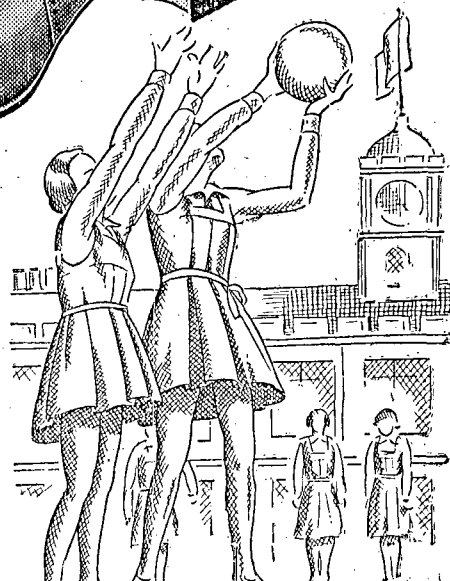
LOTUS & DELTA



DELTA 3963—Patent.
For Maids.
Midform. Price 13/9.

Available also in other materials as under:

Delta 3960 Brown Willow Calf
Delta 3961 - Black Box Calf
Delta 3962 - Kaffa Glace Kid



BRITAIN'S BEST SHOES

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

C.H.3

But at last he had managed to fasten the bight round his waist.

Then they bellowed to him to leap. But he sank down again, his legs had given, he was flat on his face on the rock. If he were waiting for a new access of strength all the better; but if his powers had given out he was done with.

Unable to tell, they suffered a stress of anxiety which added horribly to their personal peril. For the risk of the boat being capsized was never an inch from them, so it was not his life alone which hung by a hair.

Then the line gave a pull and tightened. He had got to his feet again. They could see him clearly on the very brink of his ledge, nerving himself to make the terrible leap. And then he left the rock and came hurtling downward, headlong into the welter of the waters. They hauled on their end of the line and drew him aboard.

But long before they set out the man had been spent. He had been almost at his last gasp when they got their line to him, and though the flame of life had flickered under that stimulus it was extinguished by the time the boat touched the beach. So that it was with measured tread and bared heads that they carried Paul's father to his house of Carn Dolphin.

It was four days afterwards that Michael Porthgarra strode up in the evening to Carn Dolphin, inquiring for Paul.

"I've got something," Michael said, fumbling clumsily in his pockets, when Hannah had shown him into the living-room, where Paul was sitting with a book. "Master Paul, I've got something here that was washed up today on the beach."

And he handed Paul a small object. It was hard, strongly sewn in ship's canvas much discoloured by sea water, and apparently, by the feel of it, a tin canister. Paul sat weighing it in his hand. "Washed up?" he echoed. "But why do you bring it to me, Michael?"

"Turn it over the other side. Look hard," said the fisherman.

So Paul drew the lamp nearer and, examining the packet, detected some marks, faintly visible, indeed all but obliterated, which might have been letters. Stooping over him Michael stubbed with his thumb at these.

Continued in the last column

JACKO MISSES SIXPENCE

JACKO was miserable because his father would not raise his pocket-money. "You can't do much with a mouldy sixpence a week," he grumbled.

"It's more than double as much as I had at your age," said his mother. "What is it you want to buy?"

While Jacko was trying to think of something suitable there was a knock at

Jacko was sure he wouldn't.

"Better let me fetch it," he said, with an eye to business.

"Yes, dear," agreed his mother. "Run off at once. Here's the basket. If you are back in ten minutes," she added, "I'll give you sixpence."

Jacko ran all the way; and he made such a commotion at the shop that the



The basket was shaking too

the door, and a telegram was handed in.

Telegrams never failed to send Mother Jacko into a flutter. "Oh dear! I hope it's not bad news," she said, fingering the envelope nervously.

Jacko relieved her of her anxiety by snatching it out of her hand.

"Coo!" he cried, as he read. "Uncle George's coming to dinner, and he's bringing the whole lot with him!"

"Jacko!" reproved his mother; "that's not the way to speak of your cousins."

But she had no time to bother with Jacko just then, for there was dinner to think about. There was that leg of mutton. Would the butcher send it in time?

butcher served him at once to get rid of him.

But, alas! on the way home he picked up a copy of his favourite Comic. As he read Jacko began to grin, and at every step he took his grin grew broader. By the time he reached home he was shaking with laughter.

The basket was shaking too, but that was because two large cats were fighting over the leg of mutton.

His mother caught sight of them from the window. She dashed out of the house, rescued her joint, and gave Jacko a sound box on the ears.

There was nothing said about the sixpence.

"I calculate that be a T, Master Paul," he explained, "and them at the end be a V and an E very likely."

"Trevose!" breathed Paul, looking at Michael.

"Aye, very likely, and if so tis 'ee has the right to it. When he leaped from the rock I reckon this dropped from his pocket. And now the sea's restored it where it belong."

"Well, wait! We'll make sure. Don't go till I've opened it," Paul cried.

He ripped off the canvas while Michael watched, twirling his cap, and together they found that it was actually a small airtight tin which had formerly been used for cocoa or such like, with a stiff piece of cardboard bound with twine round its middle. The water had got to this also, yet as they unfolded it Paul drew a sharp breath, for his doubts were dissolved. The writing on the label was easily distinguishable:

FOR MY SON PAUL TREVOS
If anything happens to me

"Aye, it be yours right enough," Michael uttered.

"Yes, I think so," Paul returned quietly. His face had changed colour.

Michael looked uncomfortable. "Then I'd better leave you," he said, and went heavily out of the room.

By himself again, Paul opened the canister reverently. It was packed with a cylinder of tightly rolled paper, which, when he had unfolded it and smoothed it out, showed sheet after sheet of small, closely formed handwriting.

He laid these on the table under the lamp.

To Paul Trevose at Carn Dolphin in Jettison Cove. My dear son . . .

It began like that; and when he had got there he paused, and after considering thoughtfully for a moment he stepped to the door and turned the key in the lock.

This moment was his: and very singularly his. He would not that even old Cyrus or Hannah should enter while he was reading the first letter he had ever received from his father in his life.

His father had never been a man to write letters. It was strange, thought Paul, that this his first letter from his father should also be his last.

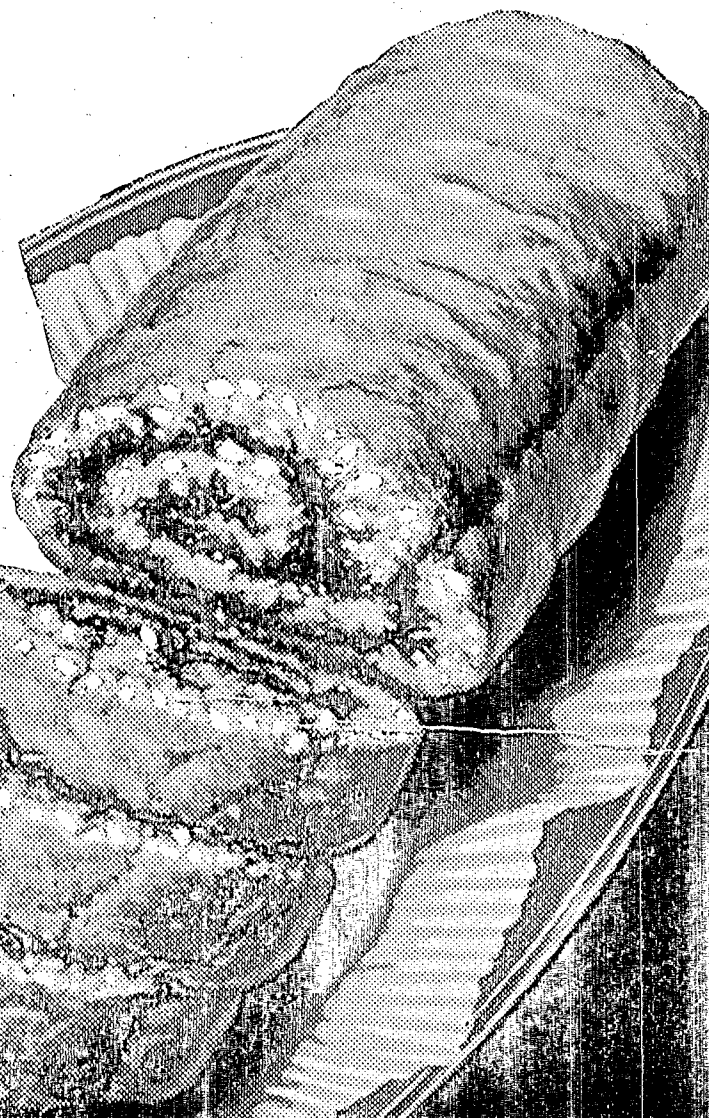
TO BE CONTINUED

Baked Jam Roll!
Hugon's
'ATORA'
The Good BEEF SUET
makes the nicest Baked Jam Roll you ever tasted—
crisp, delicious, most nourishing. And it's very simple
to make — only three-quarters of an hour's baking
with 'ATORA.'

RECIPE

1 lb. Self-raising Flour, or
1 lb. Plain Flour and teaspoon Baking Pdr.
1 lb. of Shredded 'Atora.' Pinch of Salt.
Mix the ingredients with the flour, then rub in
the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be
slightly warmed before using, but not melted). Add
enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and
spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll
over (sealing up ends by turning them in). Bake
damp edges and pinch together. Bake
for about 3/4 hour in a greased tin. Serve
hot. Sufficient for 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from
the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes.
Send a postcard for a copy, post free
from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.



End CHILDISH AILMENTS Mothers welcome this new, safe pleasant way!

So many minor ailments from which children suffer are caused by dangerous poisons which clog the system. There are many ways of removing these poisons; but none so efficient, so safe, so pleasant as Feen-a-mint, the chewing laxative. Feen-a-mint is a firm favourite with children: they love its clean, fresh mint flavour. There is no pain with Feen-a-mint, no after-effects: and it is definitely non-habit-forming. Buy Feen-a-mint today. A 1/3 box lasts for weeks!



Feen-a-mint

The chewing does it

Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box.

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1d. in stamps (to cover postage) to: White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. C.I.), 14, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

2,000 PATIENTS WEEKLY attend our two dispensaries. Very many of them are poor and needy **stump children**. 5 Doctors and 2 Dispensaries are employed constantly. Please send a generous contribution to The Rev. PERCY INESON (Superintendent), **EAST END MISSION**, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

Marie Elisabeth are **REAL Sardines**

DELICIOUS, SUSTAINING, HIGH FOOD VALUE
LIKED EVERYWHERE and BY EVERYBODY

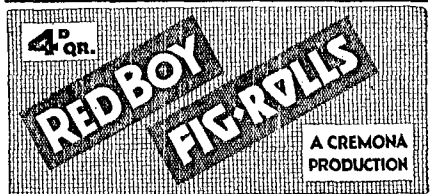
LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

*The Best Weekly Paper
for Radio Enthusiasts

POPULAR WIRELESS

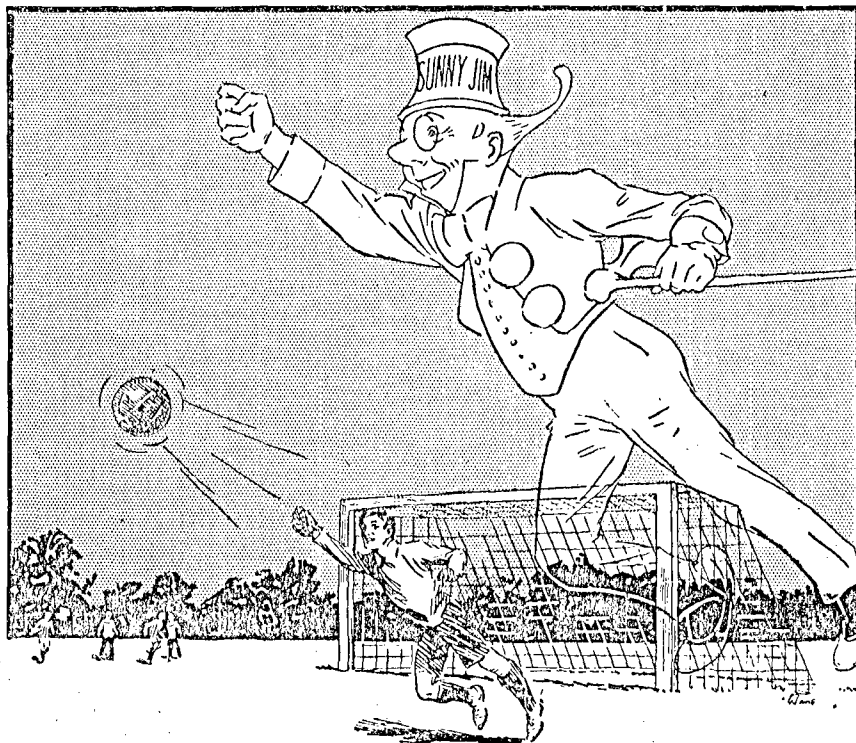
Every Wednesday - - - 3d.

FREE COMPETITIONS & PRIZES
Be in the swim—join the B.G.L. Club and enter our competitions. Hundreds of prizes are given every month. When you join you are sent a B.G.L. Club Badge and you can visit the new British Games Factory. You will receive our monthly paper, "The B.G.L. News," which gives all the latest in games and toys, and competitions with valuable prizes for members.
Write, enclosing 1/- (Postal Order or stamps), and you will receive a Badge and copy of the "B.G.L. News" by return, and every month afterwards.
Write to:—Uncle Joe, Department 24,
BRITISH GAMES LTD.,
20, St. Clare Street, Minories, London, E.1.



GOLD!!!

"Children's" PEN COUPON, Value 3d.
CUT THIS OUT. Send 5 of these coupons with only 3/- (and 2d. stamp) direct to Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4, for a handsome Lever Self-filling FLEET PEN, with **SOLID GOLD NIB** (Fine, Medium or Broad). Fleet price, 4/3, or with 5 coupons only 3/- Do Luxe Model 2/- extra.

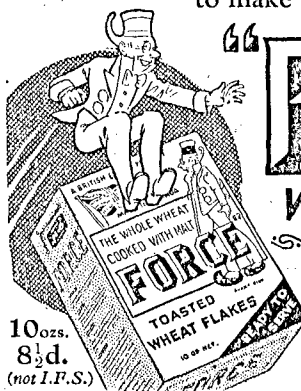


There's "Force" behind that!

Well saved, goalie—there's Sunny Jim's strength behind that punch!

Wise people eat "Force" every day. It is **WHOLE WHEAT**—the best food to make you grow strong and fit. Ask Mother to give you "Force" for breakfast and supper regularly.

See how nice "Force" is by sending the coupon below for a Free Sample. Sunny Jim will also send you a coloured diagram of his latest novelty for you to make yourself.



FORCE

WHOLE WHEAT IN FLAKES

FREE A sample of "Force" and Novelty Diagram for you. Fill in and post this coupon to "Sunny Jim," Dept. C.N.3, 197, Great Portland Street, London, W.1. (Use unsealed envelope, 2d. stamp).

Your Name.....
Your Address.....
(This offer applies only in Great Britain and Northern Ireland)

The Stamp Collector's Corner

FREE! AFGHANISTAN PACKET

Including Afghanistan (new issue), fine set of 5 French Colonies (natives, animals, etc.), set of 5 Germany surcharged for use in Captured Belgium, and 10 all different Greece showing head of Hermes, ship in canal, native costumes, Salonica Tower, Temple at Thebes, etc. I will send this splendid collection of 21 different Stamps absolutely free to all stamp collectors sending 2d. postage (abroad 6d. P.O.). Just ask for approvals. Limited Supply.

G. P. KEEF, Willington, Eastbourne, Sussex.

STAMPS FREE!

Grand Packet of 100 different (Gift Y71) including Persia and Madagascar, for 1/3d. postage. List of over 1000 sets and other bargains, free. Albums, Accessories and Catalogues supplied. Approval selections of all countries at 50% to 75% discount, according to purchase.
BRIGHT & SON, 167, Strand,
London, W.C.2. (Estab. over 50 years.)



STAMP ALBUM FREE!!
The "Vanbrugh Giant" Album (8 1/2 x 6 inches). Holds 2,700 stamps, and has 150 illustrations. It is beautifully bound in **STOUT PICTORIAL COVER**, and includes full index. It contains 3 special articles of interest to the collector, also a fine pictorial **ANDORRA VALLEY** stamp to go on the first page. Do not miss this great offer, which is absolutely **FREE** to all who request approvals and enclose 4d. stamp for postage and packing (abroad 1/-).
SHOWELL BROS.
(C.N.25), 42, Vanbrugh Hill, LONDON, S.E.3.

ZOOLOGICAL & SCENERY PKT. FREE!!

This wonder packet contains true-to-life pictures of Tiger, Horse, Parrot, Lion, Native and Primitive Boatmen. Over 58 varieties, including Alouettes (Tower), Egypt (Sphinx), Guatemala (Bird) Chili, Uruguay, F.M.S. (Tiger), Ivory Coast, British & French Colonials. Many fine sets, Bahamas (united). Finally, a fine pair of African British Colonials depicting an Elk and view of Pretoria. **WRITE IMMEDIATELY**, sending 2d. for postage, requesting approvals.
Lisburn & Townsend (Dept. C.N.), Liverpool.



Free Album
ONE HUNDRED FULLY TITLED PAGES. Spaces for every stamp-issuing country. Beautifully illustrated and completely indexed. Spaces ruled in squares and oblongs. Now strongly bound in stout grained card coloured pictorial cover. **FREE!!!**
Just send 4d. stamp to cover post and packing. **REQUEST APPROVALS.**
FREE! If extra 4d. is sent a Splendid Illustrated Handbook, "THE STAMPS OF AFRICA," will be sent as well as the Album.
VICTOR BANCROFT, Matlock, England.

ALL applications for advertisement space should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "The Children's Newspaper," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.



Quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

v106

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1 1/2 lb. 4/6, 3 lb. 9/6. Excellent for Children's Garments, Socks, etc. Steel Grey, 2/4; Colours from 2/11 lb. post free. **SERGES** from 2/10 yd. in various colours, Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, etc. **Patterns with pleasure.** Rugs from 5/11, Blankets, Knitted Garments, etc. Established 60 years.

EGERTON BURNETT'S, N.C. DEPT. WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

CHILPRUFE

• A complete range of Garments for Ladies, Children and Men.

— Send for Catalogue —

R. PLUMB & CO., LTD.,
172/3, Friargate, PRESTON.

FREE UNCLE ODOL CAMERAS

During October and November Uncle ODOL is giving away Free a number of **BEAUTIFUL BOX CAMERAS** to the girls and boys who, in his opinion, send in the best painting during these two months. All you have to do is to ask mother the next time she buys any Toothpaste to ask for ODOL, and, at the same time, she should ask the chemist for a copy of the new Painting and Story Book, "The ODOL Adventure Book."

In case of any difficulty in obtaining one of these books, write to Uncle ODOL.

ODOL WORKS, NORWICH.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 7, 1933

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4

THE BRAN TUB

Tangled Names

BELOW are the tangled names of six well-known nursery rhyme characters. Can you find out what they are?

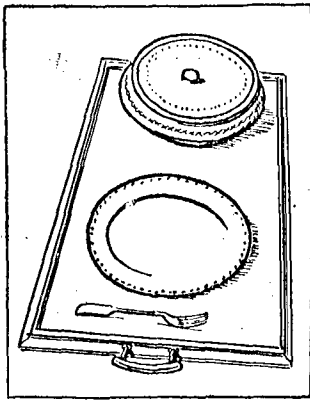
BEE POP TRACK JAPS
YULE BOB ROCKY SCULL
OGLE NICK RANCH JOKER

Answer next week

Cycling and Walking

CYCLING any given distance takes less than a third of the energy which would be required to walk it. The average person takes 2263 steps in walking a mile. Cycling a mile takes the equivalent of 627 steps.

One Word From Four



WHEN you have found the names of the four objects represented in this drawing take two consecutive letters from each word and spell something that keeps us warm in winter.

Answer next week

Next Week in the Countryside

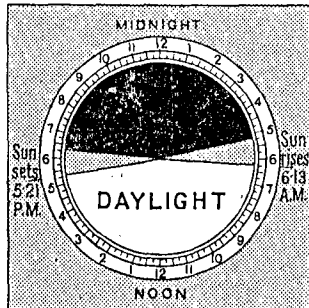
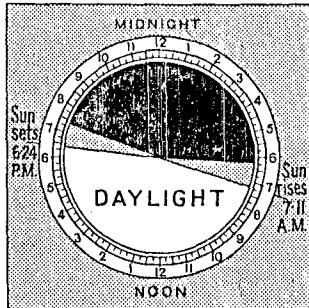
THE last of the swallows are now seen leaving England for the South. Ladybirds are going into hibernation. Crab-apples are ripe and falling. The maple, walnut, beech, cherry tree, ash, aspen, honeysuckle, elder, white poplar, and Lombardy poplar are losing their leaves. Hazel and elm leaves are turning yellow.

Trees and Wind

IN the case of trees growing near the coast or in very exposed situations the common impression is that their curious shape is the direct result of wind action. It seems to be thought that the wind simply blows the branches away from the quarter from which the strongest gales come.

What really happens is rather interesting. Take a tree where, for, perhaps, nearly three-quarters of the year the air is rushing over one side. On that part of the tree the buds are exposed to an excessive drying action and large

How the Day Goes Back To Greenwich Time



AS Summer Time ends early on Sunday morning all clocks and watches should be put back one hour on Saturday night. These two charts indicate (left) daylight, darkness, and twilight on October 7, the last day of Summer Time, and (right) on October 8, the first day of Greenwich Time.

numbers of them die. Examine the exposed side of any tree that seems to have been blown over by the wind and enormous numbers of dead buds will be found. Even such buds as do manage to survive and develop are not very successful. Thus the exposed side of such a tree never gets a chance to develop normally, and finally it presents the well-known wind-blown appearance.

A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in cheese-knife but not in plate,
My second's in heavy but not in weight,
My third is in moment but not in hour,
My fourth is in dungeon but not in tower,
My fifth is in lily but not in rose,
My sixth is in reaping but not in mows,
My seventh's in silver but not in gold,
My eighth is in timid but not in bold,
My ninth is in icy but not in freeze,
My tenth is in ocean but not in seas,
My eleventh's in pocket but not in comb,
My whole you may find at night in the home.

Answer next week

Two Fathers and Two Sons

A SUM of £300 was left in a will to be divided between two fathers and two sons so that each father should have £100 and each son should have £100.

Put this little puzzle to your friends and they may not see the simple solution that the money was divided between a boy, his father, and grandfather.

A Riddle in Rhyme

ROUND, oval, and oblong, black,
dirty, and clean;
Though I never was taught, I know
I can sing;
I could sing for a night, I could
sing for a day,
I could sing for a week if kept
hot, I dare say.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Mars are in the South-West, Saturn is in the South, and Uranus is in the South-East. There are no planets visible in the morning. The picture shows the Moon at 7 a.m. on October 11.

Alphabet Avenue

A REMARKABLE avenue of trees is to be seen at Oxen Heath, Tonbridge, Kent. The trees, planted in correct order, bear the initial letters of the alphabet. They are Aspen, Beech, Chestnut, Dimorphanthus, Elm, Fraxinus, Gum-Tree, Hornbeam, Ilex Oak, Juglans, Koelrutaria, Larch, Maple, Negunda, Oak, Poplar, Quince, Rowan, Sycamore, Tulip Tree, Umbrella Pine, Viburnum, Willow, Xanthoceras, Yellow Tree, and Zerkowa.

Ici On Parle Français

Le sarrau La boîte de pinafore pains poodle.
Berthe va mettre un sarrau propre. Elle a reçu une boîte de couleurs. L'aveugle est guidé par un caniche.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Buying Curtains. She bought 16 yards at 15s a yard. She might have had 15 yards at 16s a yard.

What Am I? A chair

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

CAN GREETED ABB
ONUS STRIP FLUE
ETUI H A SEES
FM ESPY RATE HP
LOT LULLABY BEE
ENAMEL A EXCELS
EELS SOWER OAST
TESKIER DROWN S

Dr MERRYMAN

Keeping Warm

MOTHER was reading her paper. "It says here that singing warms the blood," she remarked. "Hm! Does it?" replied Father. "Well, I've heard some that positively makes mine boil."

Hear! Hear!

BLACK: How was your address received at the meeting?

White: When I finished they said it was the best thing I ever did.

Trying Hard

MOTHER: Come along, Jackie, you need not stand so long in front of that mirror.

Jack: All right, Mummie, but I want to see what I look like with my eyes shut.

Awkward

THEY drifted together in a corner of a West End drawing-room.

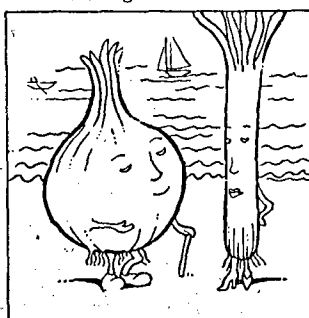
"Slow, isn't it?" said one, by way of starting a conversation.

"Yes, very," was the reply.

"How about leaving?"

"I can't; I'm the host."

Asking For Trouble



SAID the Leek to the Onion, "What a treat it would be To sail on the ocean; Please will you take me?" "Absurd!" cried the Onion; "How foolish to speak Of a sail on the ocean In a boat with a Leek!"

Rebuffed

THE young man was very excited, for the train was due to go and his luggage had not arrived. Eventually the porter appeared, empty-handed.

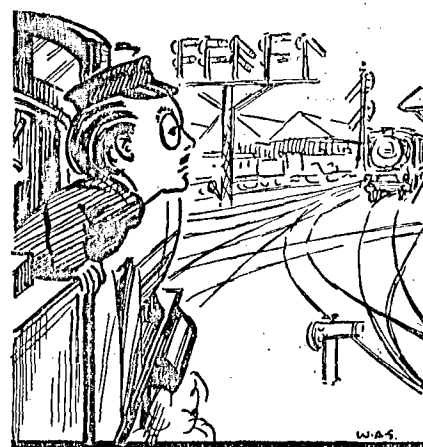
"What about my luggage?" the young man demanded angrily.

"Your luggage has more sense than you," replied the porter quietly. "You are in the wrong train."

A Bargain

BLACK: What are you taking for your neuralgia?

White: Make me an offer.



When the junction he approaches
Where he has to slip some coaches
Says the driver

Sharp's the word
and
Sharp's the Toffee
I like best of all



Are you
joining the
winning team?



You know how in sport the side that usually wins is made up of well-trained players. Well, it's just the same in the game of life. If you want to make good, you have to be coached along the right lines. Ask your Father or Mother if you can join up with the other fellows and girls who are being specially prepared at Clark's College for the best-paid positions in life. Show them this advertisement and get them to write to Mr. Ernest G. V. Clark, the Principal, for free particulars.



CLARK'S COLLEGE Ltd.
(DEPT. 23),
126, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Phone: HOLBORN 5424.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

AS the two cars neared each other they slowed down.

Each driver had an eye for a car's good points and each was fascinated by the other's model. This was very strange, for the one car gleamed and glistened in proud newness but the other was a ramshackle affair of loose boards, knotted strings, and lack of paint.

The drivers pulled up exactly opposite each other and continued their critical stares. It was the owner of the new car who spoke first.

"Does that brake work?" he asked bluntly.

"Yus!" said the driver of the rattler, and in his turn inquired, "Does the stopper of that petrol-can of yours unscrew?"

"Of course!" said New-car, and continued: "Does that steering of yours go all right?"

"Yus!" answered Rattler again. And added: "Do your lamps light?"

New-car got out and came across to Rattler.

"Let's exchange cars for a bit," he suggested, his eye still on Rattler's strange machine.

"What's yer name?" asked Rattler, as he shuffled out, displacing a loose board.

"Maurice," said New-car. "Coo! Morris!" repeated Rattler, and added with a wink, "I must be Minor!"

So in a very short time Morris and Minor made friends. Minor pedalled Mau-

rice's fine, new toy motor about the park paths, and Morris pushed Minor's pram-wheeled buggy, leaped on to its soap-box seat, steered shakily with the two lengths of clothes-line, and frequently used the wooden brake that really worked.

By the time Maurice's father and mother arrived on the scene further trials, and even a Motor Show, had been arranged for the next day. For the present the meeting had to be sorrowfully adjourned, but not before Minor had been introduced to Maurice's parents.

Morris and Minor met next day, and in a corner of the park the Motor Show was held. Maurice had polished

THE MOTOR SHOW

his gleaming enamels and Minor had done his best for the pram-wheels with a brush and boot-polish. Maurice's father had kindly consented to act as judge.

The drivers stood by their cars. The judge inspected and asked searching, technical questions. His wife stood by, smiling and gracious.

Eventually a coloured card was solemnly tied to each car: Maurice had secured a First for Luxury Tourers, while Minor had a First also for Sports Models.

Maurice's mother presented the prizes, which Minor recognised immediately.

"Ice-cream!" he chuckled. "Tuppenny ones, too! Coo!"